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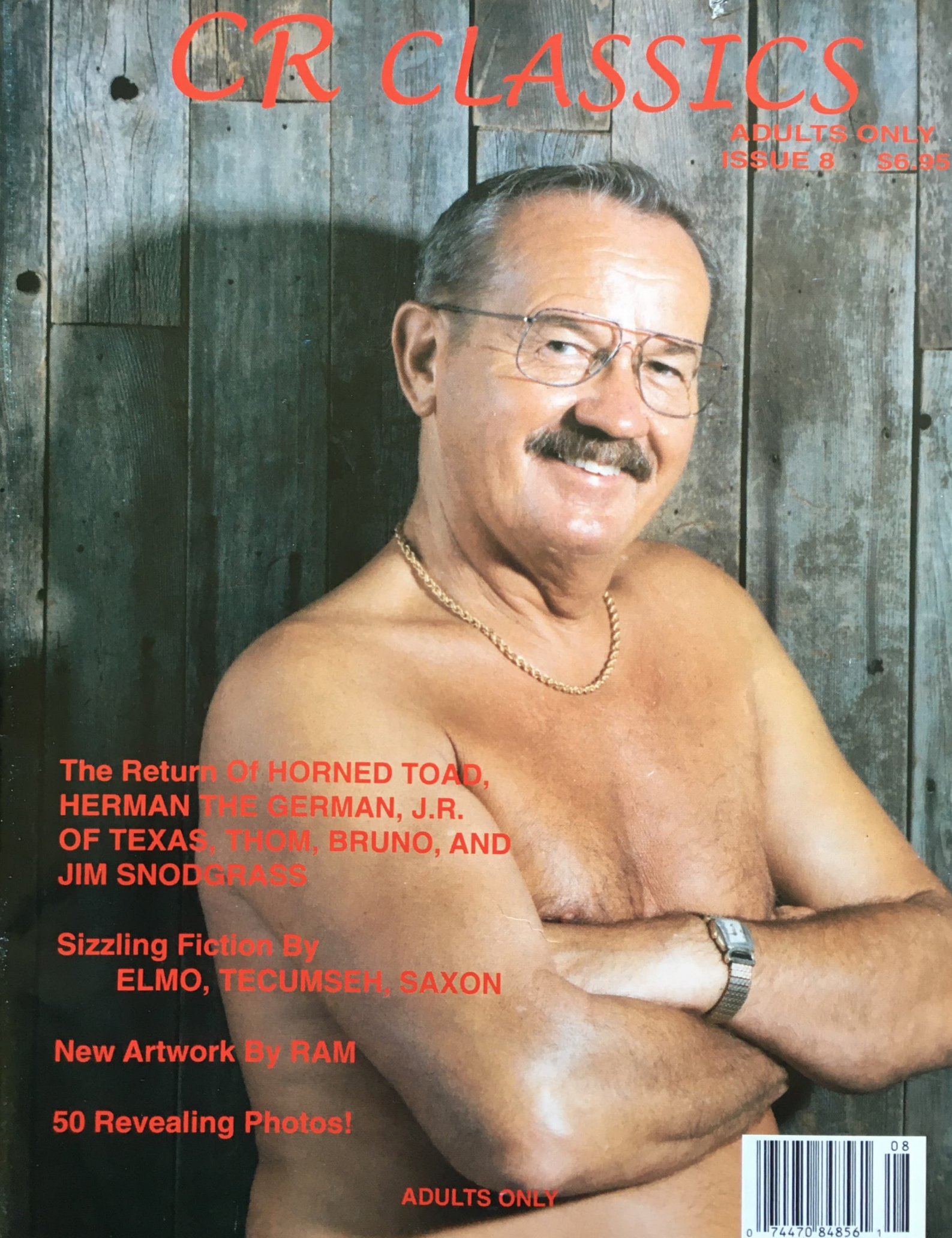

The Return Of HORNED TOAD, HERMAN THE GERMAN, J.R. OF TEXAS, THOM, BRUNO, AND JIM SNODGRASS

Sizzling Fiction By
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HORNED TOAD

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#8

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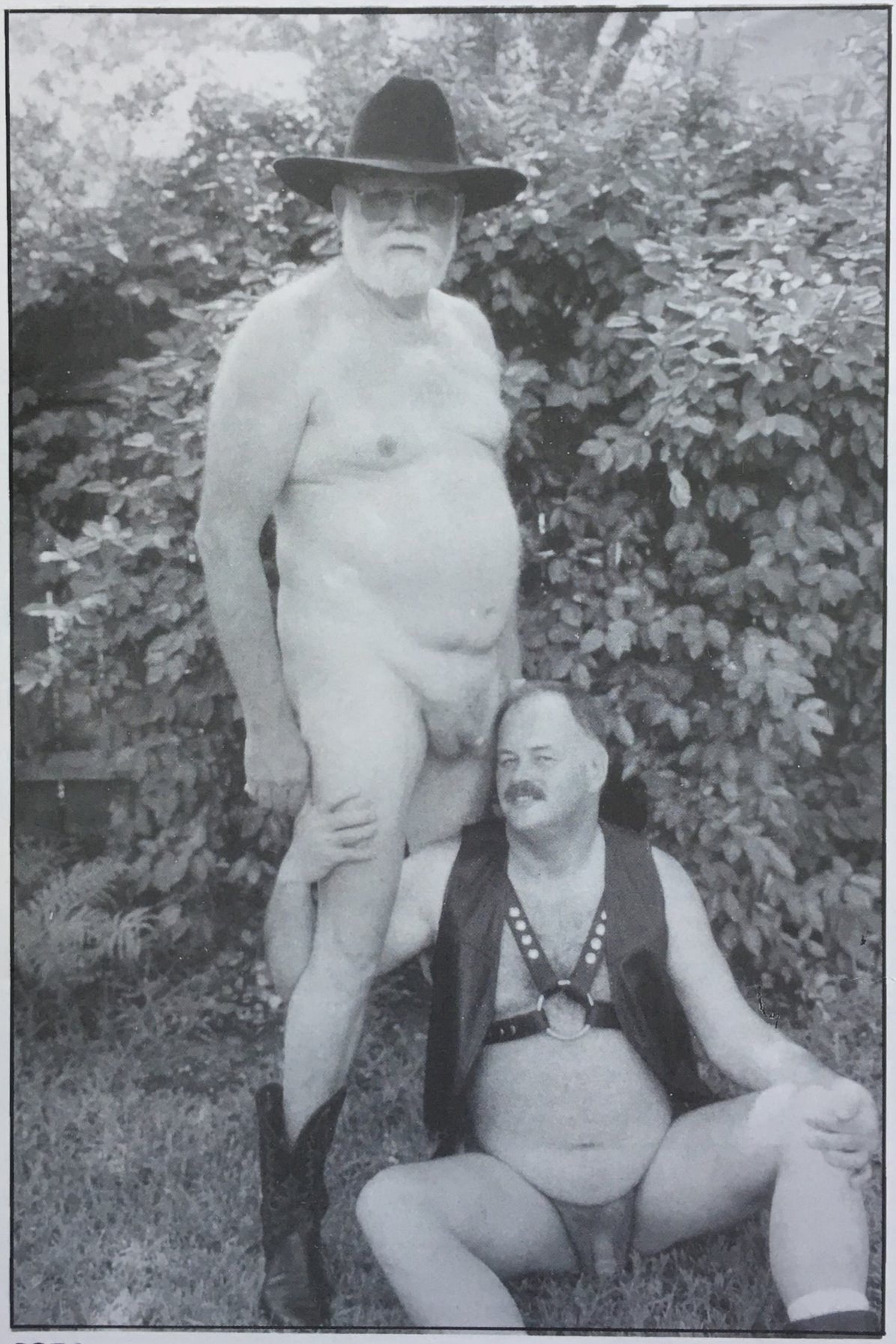
J.R. OF TEXAS and TEXAS ED



JOEL

FIGARO QUI

ANOTHER TALE FROM THE ANECDOTAGE OF ROY ELMO

It seems more recent. The intervening half-century is a blur since that brief spring vacation (R & R, that was) in Rome, the Eternal City. Good weather and five days leave ... I don't now recall where we were billeted (very barracksy), but I had a sneaking hope that the visit might prove a gay relief from being cooped up with all those straight bubbas and intolerant dickheads. Well, not exactly every one. I did have a few agreeable tricks lined up at our encampment between Pisa and Leghorn. We'd all been together since shipping out of New Jersey two years before. (All in all, a nice, safe war.) It wasn't difficult to find out who was amenable and who might be affronted by a come-on. I trod lightly and politely, mightily wanting some who were impossible to add to my experience. Others sought me out because they fancied the cut of my jib, or the way I licked my lips ... who knows why? Simpatico is simpatico, and many men both welcomed and enjoyed oral sex in those barren days of making war bereft of women. Some I hankered for were obdurate in being faithful to a wife or religious dogma. Nothing's so fierce as dogma in the manger.

Now Roma! We were taken everywhere—ruins and the great fountains, Il Duce's palace which had been turned into a wonderful museum, and, best of all, the Farnese palace and park under the Red Cross. There I met a true psychic—a charming, animated, fat little lady making a dollar any way she could. Her "reading" was believable to me because we Elmos believe easily. I approved of her approach to mind-reading which consisted of placing the palm of her hand on the nape of my neck while gazing deep into my eyes. Donna Fiora brought to mind Madame Raphael in Dallas whose "sight" and predictions were astonishing; I remembered too, the Cramerton card reader, Juanita Ward, whose clarity of insight gave me goose-bumps. I felt Juanita (patronized by the whole clan) knew me better than any of my family, barring Uncle Larry. The thing is: I was at ease with all these mystics, who implied that I too had a gift, assuring me with a nod, a wink, a complicitous smile, that I "saw" as clearly as they. A neat ploy for one who deals in the uncanny, drawing her customer into a tight familiarity, thus making him (and me) a partner in her game.

When Donna Fiora put her hand on my neck, I felt a tiny electric thrill and waited for her to speak.

"You believe—*bene!* You will find much in Roma to give pleasure, appreciation, artistic enlightenment." This was right up my alley. I'd already purchased a fine drawing of Sarah Bernhardt, instantly recognizable and pulling at me with her eyes (and no idea how to get it from Rome home.) I deduced that this lady knew me, and she proceeded to prove it.

"You are fond of red hair—*capelli rossi.* I think that on these *brunetto* streets, you find a quick *romanza.* Take advantage, little hat."

"Little hat?" I asked, surprised.

"You have name-tag showing. Elmo means hat."

"You have marvelous vision."

"It pays to take note. Always remember that ..."

"And I shall meet a lady with red hair?"

"You tease me, no? I said you will have a romance ... but I think that has nothing to do with a lady...." and again she smiled at our secret. I know I blushed.

"I hope you're right," I murmured and handed her a wad of lire. "Are you here every evening?"

"*Si.* Also, I guide tours of the Vatican every day at ten. Come join us and I can show you everything. One more thing, Mr. Elmo. Get your hair cut tomorrow."

"Whatever Dame Fortuna says. Where?"

"Six blocks down the Via Veneto. A nice shop."

"Do I say you sent me?"

"You will not forget ... but you will also not remember." On that sibylline note, we parted after sharing paper cups of Coca Cola, which we lifted in a salute *a deux.*

I slept ill that night back in barracks—dreaming of days in Cramerton and Juanita Ward's

quizzical, piercing eyes; of Sarah Bernhardt's sorrowful gaze, worrying how to mail it somewhere in the back of consciousness; of Madame Raphael's pronouncement of doom to a new bride who was dead in two days. A fitful sleep and one from which I woke early, feeling out of place, thoughts whirling and swirling like autumn leaves in the wind. After a shave, shower, and the other a.m. chores, I settled down. Peering in the shaving mirror, I almost talked myself out of the haircut. I separated from the mates who were along, fooled the morning away, sauntering around the Trevi Fountain to pitch a coin in. By one, I had drunk coffee on the Via Veneto, flirted outrageously with a couple of waiters, and moved along to look for that fateful barber shop.

There. A barber pole. I went in. I swear he was waiting for me. Tall, slender, red-gold hair and moustache, he moved quickly to my side as I stepped into the shop. Our eyes met and he smiled.

"*Padrone mio*," he said smoothly, "you are early. What do you wish today?"

"A trim, a shampoo—can I get a massage?" I saw eyebrows lift among the other barbers and shop customers, but I was committed. Who cared what anyone thought? Red and I were on line. He led me to the big comfortable barber chair and tenderly helped me get aboard. I was in incredibly expert hands. Many barbers before and since have given me delightful service, and some with good sex to follow, but Tiberio—"I was baptized in and for the river" he told me—was in a class all by himself. Careful, fastidious, yet a man's man, he turned me, stroked me, kneed me. While doing the trim he hummed a bit of *The Barber of Seville*. I grinned. "Eh! *Figaro qui!*" I said loudly enough for all to hear, which brought a general laugh.

"*Si, padrone, Figaro qui, Figaro la, Fi-i-i-garo*" he warbled sweetly. Then, laughing along with others in the shop, he took my elbow and led me to the back where there were individual booths, curtained for privacy. One was completely enclosed with walls and that was where he took me. My heart started hammering and my flesh responded in quick readiness. Inside, he latched the door, invited me to lie down on the massage table, and took off his smock. I could see he too was responding to the moment.

"More than the comforts of home," I said and heard my words translated in the front, to gentle laughter. Italians always appreciate approval of their style.

"How are you called at home," I asked.

"Berio," he said, smiling as he unbuttoned his fly and took out a large pink member, carefully placing it on the massage table near my nose.

"Smells nice," I said softly, and took the head of it. Tasted nice too, with its glistening drop of pre-cum. My Figaro was a fabulous contortionist, because while I gently took him, he turned me onto my back and quickly began to reciprocate. All international affairs should go so smoothly. We were both quick climax. As I took him, he still had presence of mind and turned on the water at the shampoo basin. We chuckled as he helped me off the table and put me in a reclining chair. He soaped my head while I groped and milked his cock.

"You have wonderful strength in your hands," I said for the benefit of any who might be listening.

"*Si, padrone*, everyone likes the shampoo and back rub," he replied, and as I moaned my pleasure he bent down to kiss me on the ear, flicking a tongue tip into a sensitive area. What can I say? It was postwar time and we were both young and horny. I was twenty-four, he thirty at the outside. A natural redhead, I noted, with springy golden curls on his head and in his crotch. He finished shampooing and towelled my head vigorously.

"Now the massage," Berio said. We both got onto the massage table in a 69 position and went enthusiastically back to our pleasant work. One of the brief treasures of my youth, forever memorable. Finally, I dressed and made my way to the front door where I advised one and all to "get the works as Figaro gives it." Everyone smiled and laughed. He thanked me profusely, and I tipped him just as profusely.

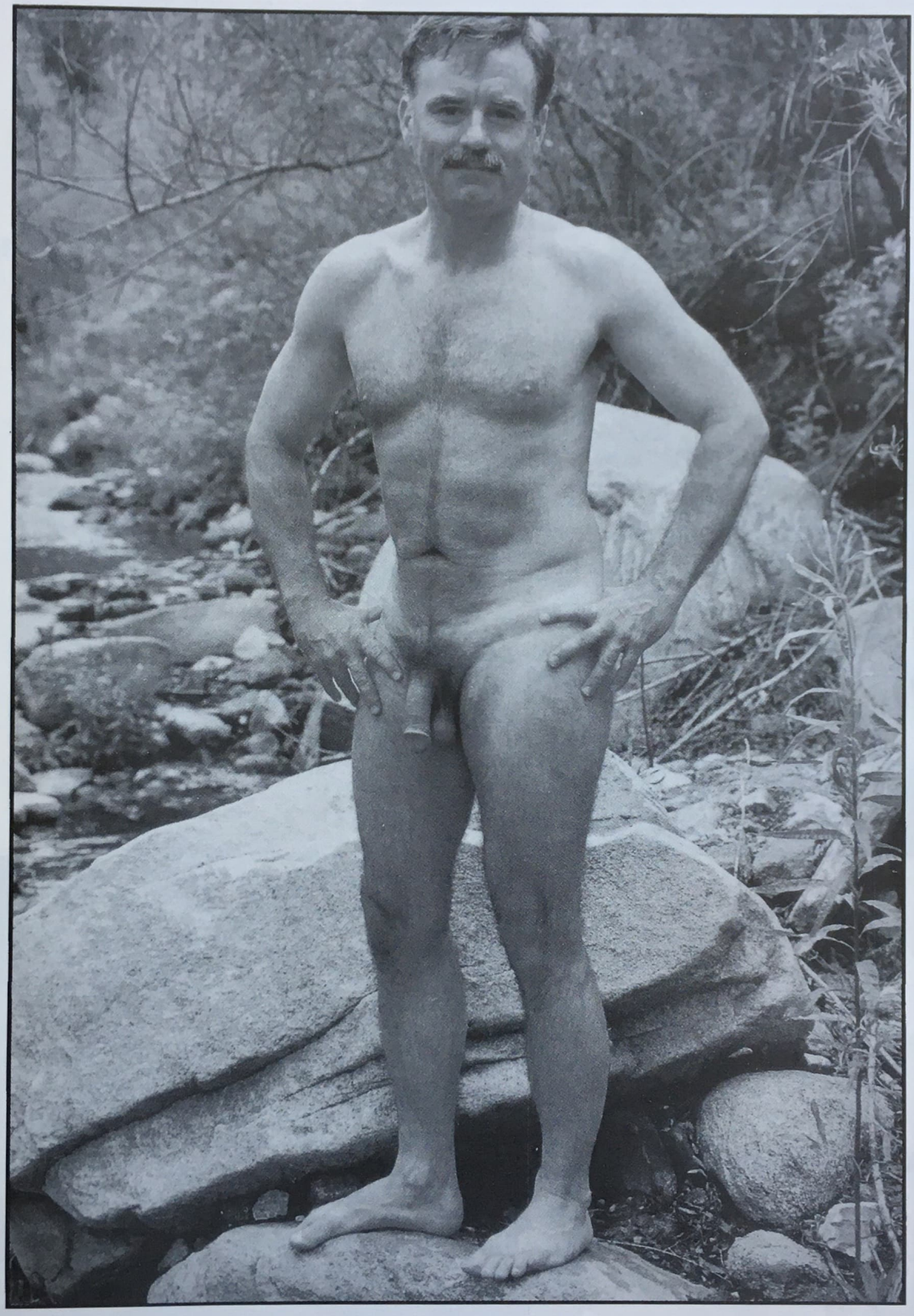
"You come again?" he asked.

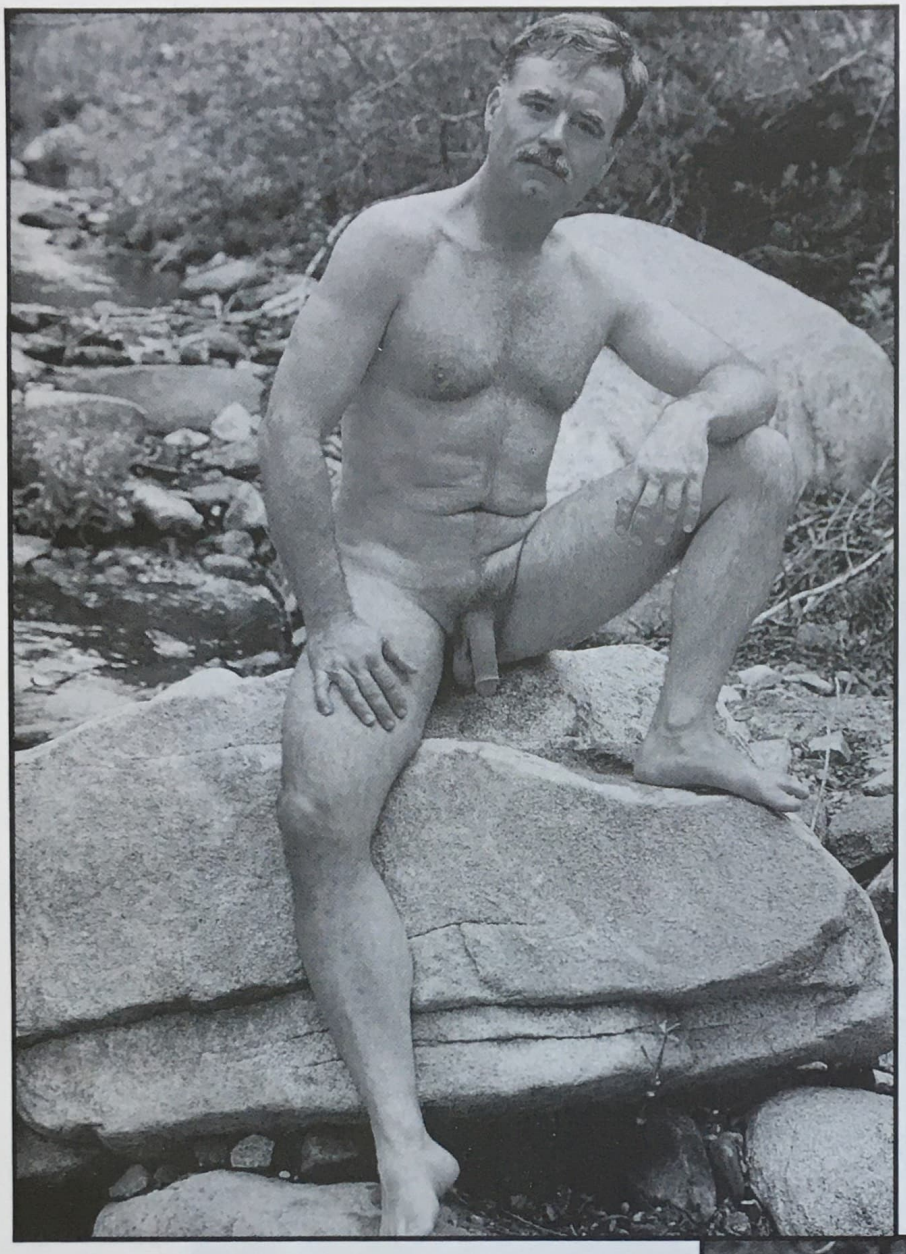
"If I get back to Rome, again and again ..."

But I never got back. Nor did I see La Fiora who foretold my *romanza*. I would have nodded my gratitude, but it was too soon back to ancient pines and familiar tricks....

ROY ELMO is in his 70s and lives very quietly in a small town in North Texas. He's a brilliant and productive writer and has provided us with a wealth of manuscripts. ROY will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the San Diego convention. He'll be holding court at the Tiki Hut during the day for all those fans who want to meet him.

WILD BILL





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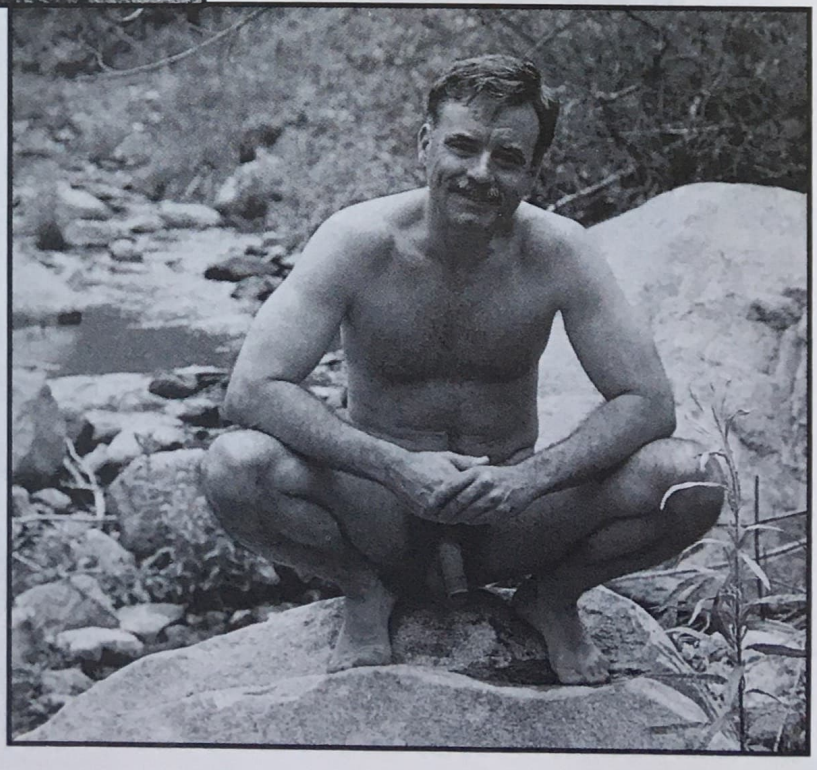
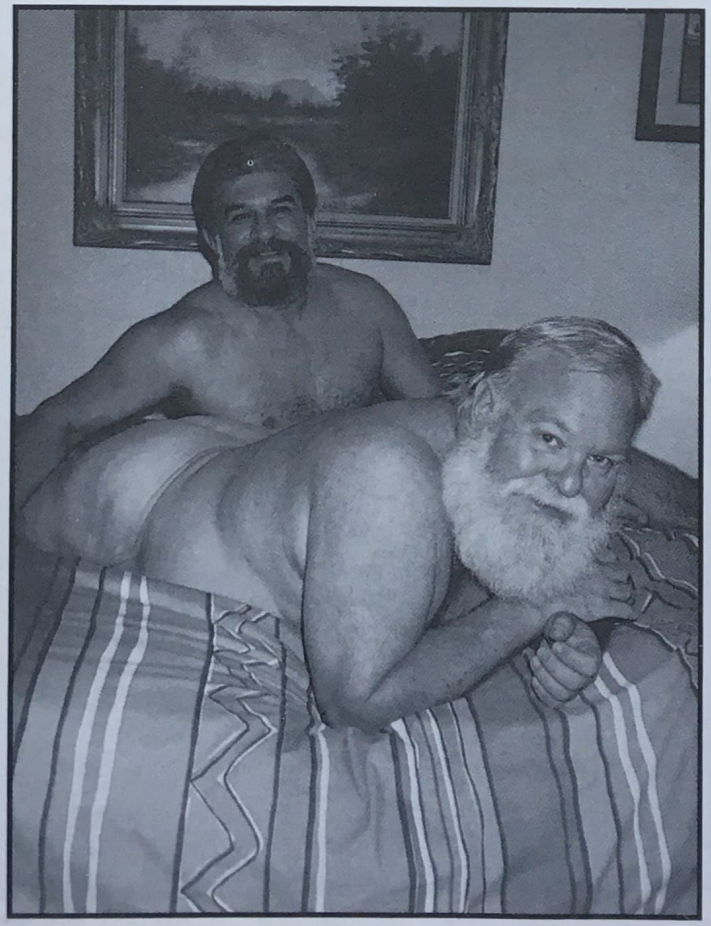


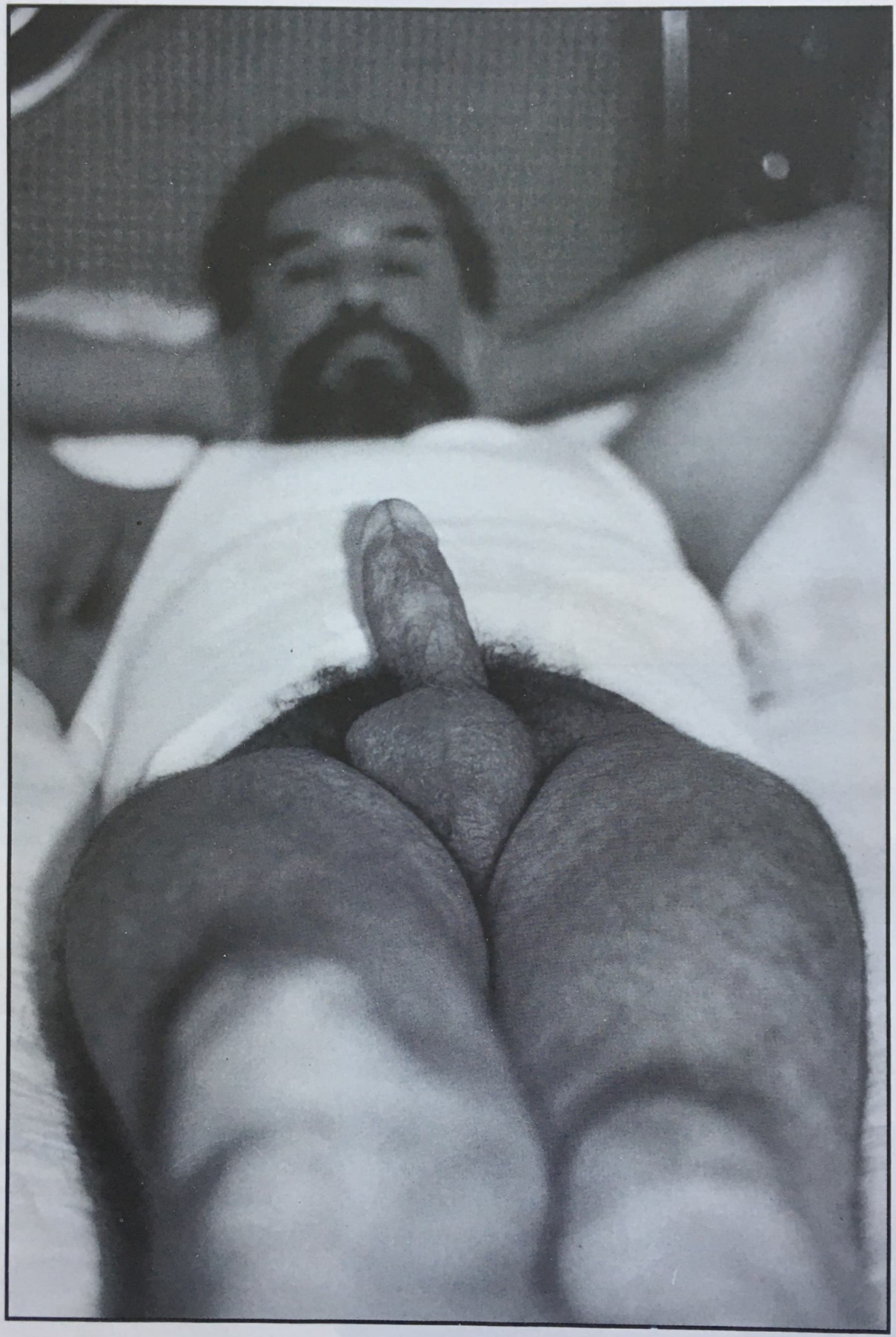
COLORADO COWPOKE and THOM

JOEL



SAN JOSE and WES

SAN JOSE



ROBERT

THE IDEAL TRAVELLING COMPANION
by HAWFINCH

Finding a genuinely compatible travelling companion is not an easy task for a senior gay. In our case, it was my luck and his good judgement that brought us together. Alex is in his 40s. Living in Europe he visits North America frequently on business and pleasure. I'm retired and in my 70s, living in North America and visiting Europe regularly on pleasure.

Alex and I met in the steam in the Vulcano baths in Cologne, Germany, an ideal place to find a partner who is interested in enjoying the sexiness of the experienced older gay man. Cologne is a city of a million people, straddling the River Rhine, historically an interesting city and also very gay, one of the liveliest in Germany. The Vulcano Sauna is known throughout Europe as THE bath for older men and their admirers. The sauna is clean and well kept, with a good crowd, mostly 50 and over, plus a few hunky younger men who like grey hairs. The large steam room is always busy. Tile walls, with a central barrier, wall seats in strategic places, and a dark corner for heavier play. The steam is thick enough to encourage uninhibited groping and sex play. Threesomes and more are common. Plenty of mutual JOs and oral sex, all safe sex, depending on your personal definition. And cabins below for greater privacy. A fine place to find your man.

Our first meeting was during the 1994 Cologne Carnival. We had a brief encounter in the bath, had dinner together, and discovered we had many things in common. We strengthened our friendship at the 1994 CR Gathering in Las Vegas, and a weekend in London followed later in the year. At the Carnival in Cologne last February, Alex came up with the idea that we should take a trip to Budapest. He had visited the city briefly and found it very attractive. And he was keen to pay another visit to the baths there. So in June we found ourselves flying to Budapest, hoping for a few days of uninhibited pleasure. It was my first trip to Eastern Europe.

In the 1850s the two old cities, Buda on the west bank of the Danube and Pest on the east bank, joined together to form the Hungarian capital. The cityscape is dominated by large public buildings, most of them built in the latter half of the last century. The architects were influenced by Victorian England styles, and the buildings are grandiose and impressive. But there are older buildings dating from the earlier years of Buda and Pest, and among these are the well-known baths. Budapest is built over thermal springs which have long been the source of waters for treatment centres devoted to hydropathic therapy. Some of the baths, like the one in the Gellert Hotel where we stayed, are highly ornamented with lofty ceilings. Others, like the Kirali, are more modest structures, some over six centuries old, housing old-style Turkish baths.

As soon as we had checked into the Gellert and unpacked our bags, we slipped on our Speedos, wrapped ourselves in the heavy white robes provided by the hotel, and went down the elevator to the bath's public entrance lobby. Busy traffic moved in and out of the various outlets—two swimming pools, the hydrotherapy clinic, and the Turkish bath. We went into the bath, dropped our gowns in an assigned changing booth, and went down to the pool. While it was a delightful place to relax, we soon realized that it was very much a "No Action" pool, and we didn't stay long. On we went to the Kirali which, being Monday, was "men only," and hopefully lively. We were not disappointed.

In the changing room we were given a small square cloth with strings attached which we tied round our waist to hide our genitals. And that stayed on until we were ready to leave the area. Downstairs to the pool, large, oval, shallow with steps going down into the water under a glass dome which let in filtered light, all very peaceful. The water was comfortably warm and murky. The customers sat around on the steps, their bodies submerged in the water. Most of the men were elderly, with a few younger ones to make it interesting. I suspected that there was quiet activity going on under the water. This was confirmed when a good-looking man in his 60s came to sit by me. Our legs

touched, our hands wandered, and soon we were masturbating each other under the water. He came quickly, which left me free to explore the other wet facilities.

At the side of the big pool was a small, warmer pool, which was constantly busy. I slipped in and found out why. I was groped from both sides. Fortunately, the water was deep enough to cover my chest and I soon had my neighbors working on my tits, my favorite sport. They loved it. I didn't want to come too soon, so I broke away and continued on my tour. Outside the pool area were dry saunas—no action, clear glass enclosures—and a steam room, very hot in every sense of the word. In the steam I came across Alex being given the treatment by two elderly gents, one licking him all over and the other sucking him. He was obviously enjoying the treatment so I left him to it. Back in the main pool, I just happened to sit next to a most attractive 28-year-old Hungarian. Otilla was shy but keen to practice his English—he'd just taken an English course—and was happy to let me fondle his handsome weapon while we conversed. And he reciprocated. It was a delightful half-hour of conversation accompanied by gentle sexual stimulation. He had to leave but urged me to meet him that night in a gay bar, suitably named "Action." It had a back room and a black cavern area which was usually active, he said. I promised I would be there providing he would join me in the cavern. He agreed. After he left I went in to the small pool, where one of my previous partners grabbed me and worked on my tits while I jerked off and came. By this time Alex was ready to leave so we got dressed, took a taxi back to the hotel and arrived in time for our 5 o'clock martinis.

After dinner we explored the downtown gay area and found the "Action" bar. It was below street level, not very big, with a pleasant rustic decor. And a small crowd, mainly youngies. At the back was a porno/dance room and in one corner a passage that led to a dark cave. It was only 10 o'clock, too early for any group action, although I had it off with a lonely young Italian who could speak a little English. Back in the front bar, Alex and I were drinking our beer when Otilla came in. Obviously a popular guy—kisses and hugs all around. These young Hungarians with their black hair, dazzling smiles, blue eyes, and trim bodies are knockouts. After he'd said his hellos he looked around, noticed us, and came across the bar to greet us with a big smile. Alex tactfully decided to leave us to it and went to explore another gay bar nearby. After some polite chit-chat Otilla and I moved into the porno room, then into the cave, and got down to serious business. He was a good lover, and we played for a while before I went down on him. He massaged my tits while I sucked him, and it wasn't long before he came. When Alex returned, we said our good-byes, took a taxi to the hotel, went to bed and made love. A fitting end to an exciting day.

The next day we went to the other gay bath, the Racz, similar in every respect to the Kirali, although not so old a building. And the crowd was the same mix as the day before. If anything the playing in the pool was more open. I was approached by a good-looking man, some ten years younger than myself. After we had checked each other's credentials he went to work on me, and I soon came. It was a vulgar display of randy sex but no one seemed to mind, or pay much attention. Alex remarked afterwards that it was a brazen show even for me.

And so the days went by. Sight-seeing in the morning, including a pleasant boat ride on the Danube; baths in the afternoon—we tried a third one briefly but it was dull; a brief break most days sunning ourselves by the pool in the garden behind the hotel; our five o'clock martinis, followed by a leisurely dinner. Alex knew how to pick the good restaurants and we had some marvellous meals.

The last night was memorable. After our martinis we took a taxi to a restaurant recommended by the hotel staff, arriving there around 8 o'clock. It was an intimate restaurant with an efficient staff and a small string orchestra playing in the corner. We had another martini to sharpen our appetites and then accepted the recommendations of the head waiter. A Hungarian speciality is goose liver paté, and we had had it as a starter at a lovely old restaurant the previous evening. The head waiter suggested that we should try it sauteed as the main course. It was a great choice. The whole meal was just about perfect. And it occupied three hours of our time. As we leisurely sipped our coffee and liqueur, the young violinist leader of the string orchestra came over to serenade us, not with Hungarian czardas music but with simple English folk tunes, finishing with "Greensleeves." What a wonderful ending; a marvellous meal, marvellous wine, a marvellous companion, and this lovely,

handsome young Hungarian seducing me with some of my favorite music. It was hard to hold back the tears.

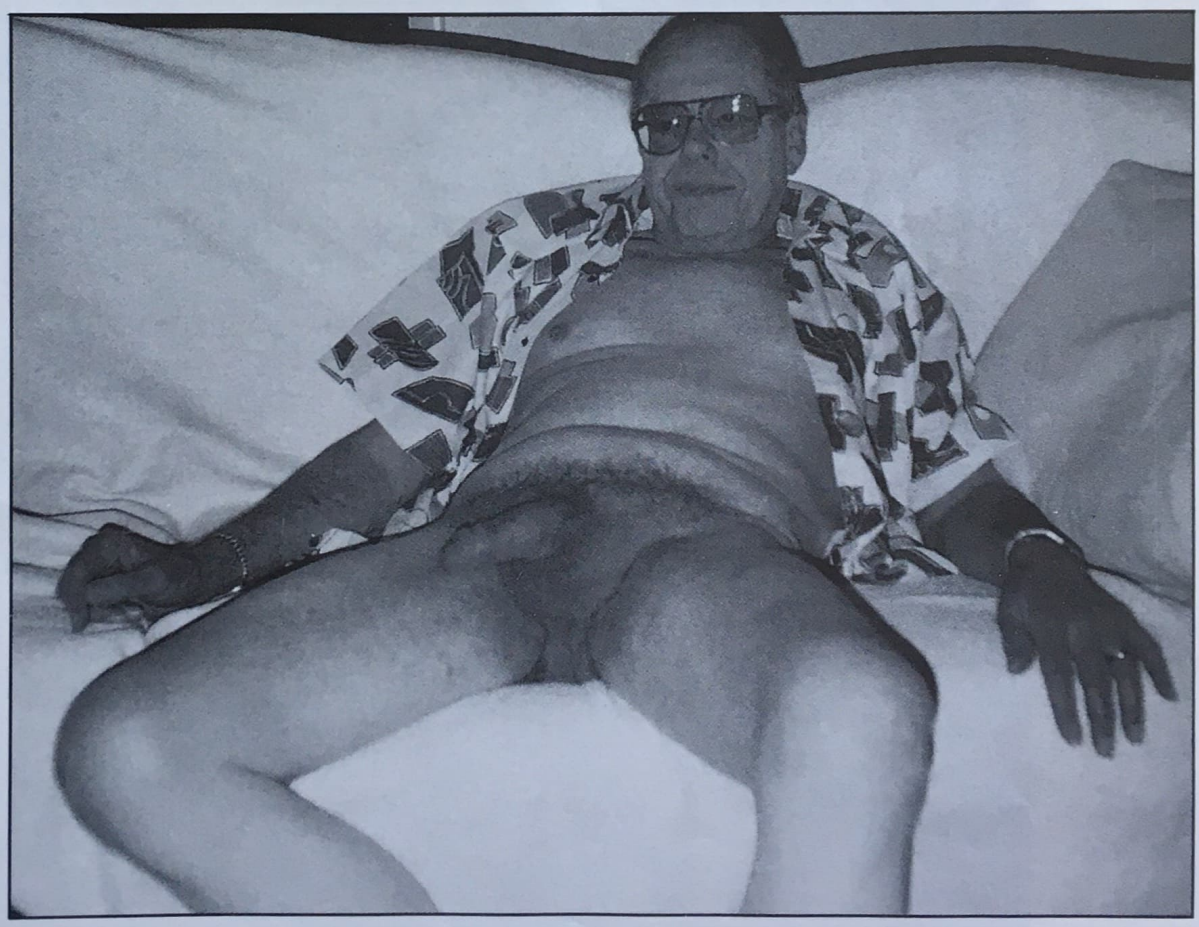
A short taxi ride and we were at the "Action." The bar was busy. There was dancing in the porno room, and after a drink we moved into the orgy in the cave. Quickly, my pants were pulled down, my shirt opened and hands and mouths roamed all over me. I have never felt more relaxed and excited. It was incredibly erotic. Alas! I came all too soon and the excitement was over. I dressed and moved out to find Alex waiting for me with a grin on his face. He'd enjoyed it too.

We left the bar around two in the morning and sauntered through the city, across the bridge, and back to our hotel. The streets were empty and peaceful. What a beautiful city! We opened the windows in our room and looked out over the Danube to the University buildings on the other bank. Below us in the car park a boy and girl were also making love. We went to bed, two very happy people.

The next morning we took the return plane to Germany, and on to London. But that's another story. I shall always be grateful to Alex for so many happy memories. It was an ideal few days in a setting I would never have experienced but for him. Generous, considerate, patient, a good listener, he is fun to be with. He is the perfect companion.

Hawfinch is a lively, horny 77-year-old retired professor who has had a fifteen-year, open relationship with his younger partner Blue Jay. They live in Western Canada and welcome visitors.

SAGE



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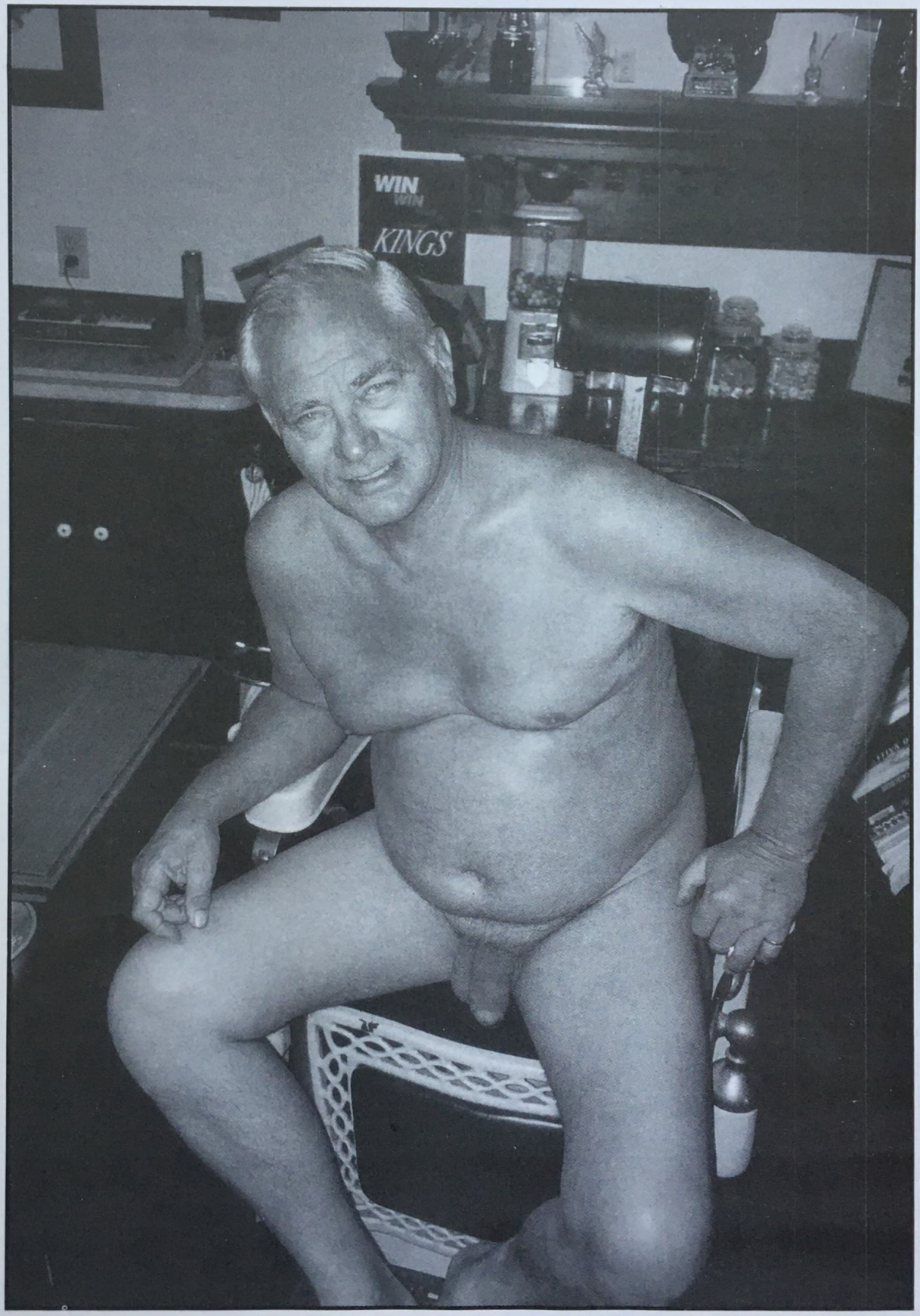
ILLINOIS BILL

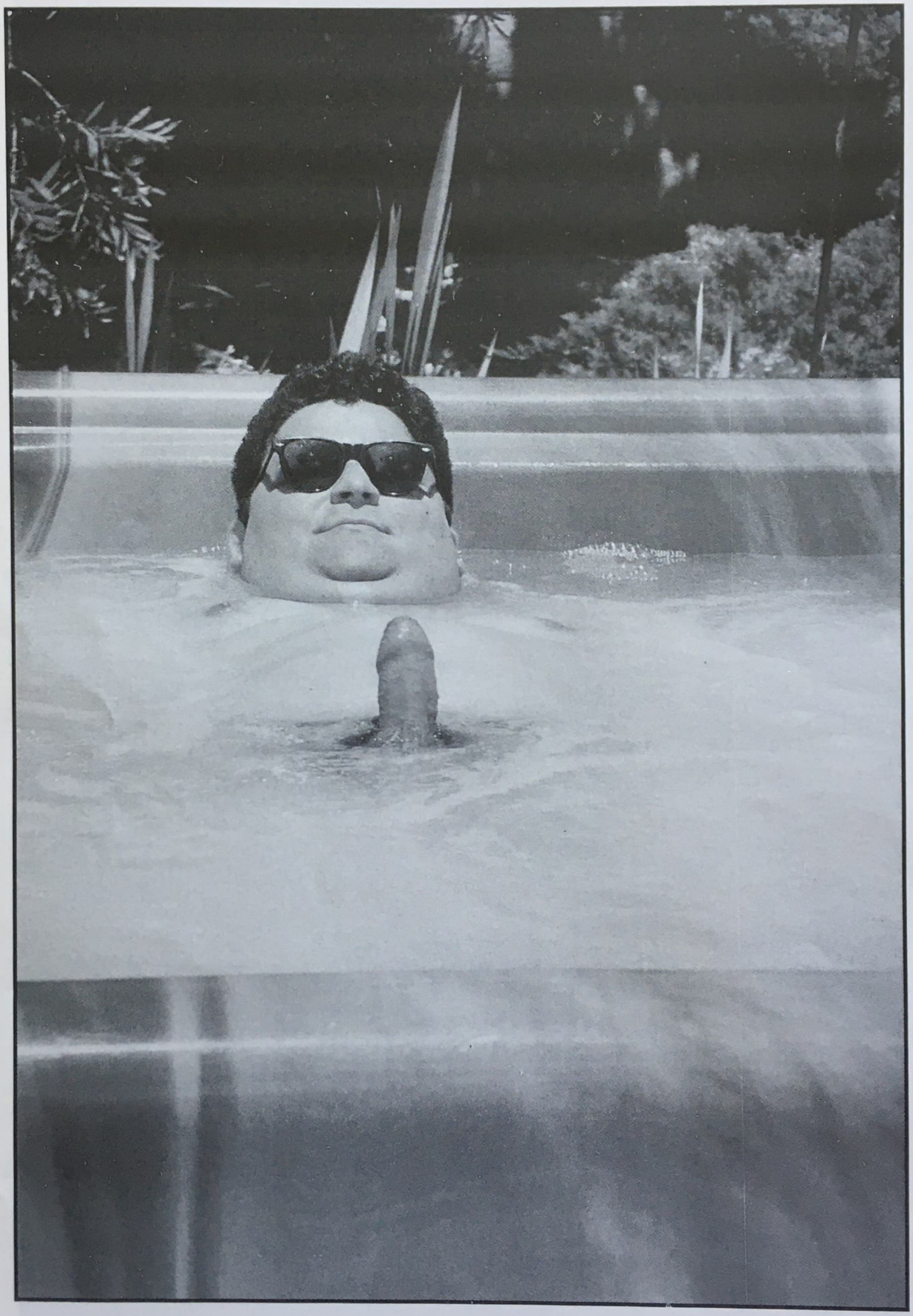
photography by MIKE

HERMAN THE GERMAN



RICHIE II

BANDITO



BRUNO

HMW

SAILING

BY SAXON

Unlike most people in St. John, I wasn't afraid to cross paths with Harrison Stransky. Word was, Harrison would deck a guy just for looking at him wrong. And it was true that he'd stood jail several times after fights, back in the fifties while he was a young man and highway explosives crew member for Colorado's western slope. But I had reason to believe something different than what the town folk had always said about him.

The lowly probationary road detail they assigned him to in 1957 might have killed the pride of a 20-year-old man normally paid to do better, but it was always Harrison who looked up, unbroken and unrepentant, as our family drove past his work gang. He had a powerful wrestler's build and crisp sailor's flattop, and I guess people sort of assumed he was the local tough. We kids were told to stay away from him, except I could never figure this since my own dad had belted me a lot more times than Harrison Stransky had.

The next year, when I was ten, I bought him cigarettes at the local grocery store for a time. He'd stumbled across me one day while I was kicking stones out into Main Street and given me a buck to buy him a pack of Camels. "They don't like me too much in there," he said, so I helped him out, much to the consternation of Old Lady Patterson behind the counter, who always watched through the shop windows while I gave him the Camels and change. He'd flip me a shiny fifty-cent piece, get into his dusty '48 Chevy pickup and drive off toward Mount Childress behind town.

We met at the small grocery/gas every weekday morning for about two weeks before there was trouble. I'd even gotten talkative and asked him about things, like his work and the buzz about a big new dam and tunnel. But the last time I saw him, I'd come out of the store with his pack of Camels and found him sitting in Sheriff Bates' squad car. He looked over at me, but the sheriff said something to him so that he looked straight ahead, as though I weren't there. The sheriff drove away with him, leaving me to go off and experiment with my first cigarette, which wasn't altogether pleasant either, and to feel somehow guilty and wonder for years what all that had been about.

I always looked for his truck in town but saw it only at night outside old Simon's Bar on the north end of Main Street. Somehow, I managed to shed my shell and eventually go off to college and law school in Denver. Soon after, my mother divorced my father. After practicing criminal law for several years, I went back to St. John for a weekend one summer to look in on her and take a break from Hunt and Wehner, where I'd been the freshman lawyer for what seemed at times like a life sentence of its own.

I was sitting at the east end of the long bar at Simon's, which was half filled with rural weekend business, stretching my sixth bourbon-and-seven. It felt depressingly familiar, at thirty and in a strange bar, drinking alone at ten o'clock on a Saturday night. But just as I was about to give it up, a big tanned man wearing western dress pants, engineer's boots, and a long-sleeved ivory knit jogging shirt came in and sat down at the other end of the bar. Harrison had changed, but I knew it was him. His brown crew cut had changed to a thin gray brush, and his young face was now that of a seasoned army general. A short beard, beginning to turn white, bristled from his temples down across his jaw and chin.

"Suds, Howard!" he barked to the bartender, who barked back, "You got it, Harrison," and set a cold beer in front of him. I could see the condensation on the outside of the can as he grabbed it and drank about half before setting it down. He looked around the place with a good-natured scowl. Our eyes locked for a second, and there was a hint of recognition, but he looked away—we both knew—too quickly. He scratched his nose a bit, trying not to meet my eyes again, and then played several games of pool with a pal who'd greeted him from one of the tables when he'd first come in.

Since I had only tonight to get

this accomplished, I decided to take some chances. I waited until he returned to the bar, then rolled up the short sleeves of my shirt above my biceps. As Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers drawled "Islands in the Stream" from the juke box, I took my drink and walked down the bar and up to him. "Harrison?" I said.

"And you are?"

I almost swallowed the next word. "Jared Stamp. Do you remember? The little boy who bought you cigarettes for fifty cents a pack."

He frowned, bushy brows furrowed in doubt, but then brightened a little as memory spread over his face. "Oh, yeah. I remember you." We shook hands, and I sat down on the corner stool perpendicular to him.

"So what have you done with yourself?"' he asked.

"Law, so to speak," I said. "Listen, I wanted to ask if they did anything bad to you after that last day at the store those years ago.

"Not that time, Jared," he said, looking like he didn't want to talk about it.

"It meant a lot to me, those meetings."

"I enjoyed it, too. You were a *mite* shy, if I recall."

We remarked about how the town had changed and about some people we both knew, some alive, some not. As we drank and talked, his features burned brighter than my memory, the attraction made worse in the half-light of the bar and through the six—or was it now seven or eight—bourbon-and-sevens. After a while I excused myself and went into the men's room right in back of him. Finishing, I left the top 501 button on my jeans undone, washed my hands, and went back out to the bar. "So what have *you* done with *yourself*?" I said as I sat down on the stool. I imagined my white undershorts peeking out, but I couldn't tell if he'd noticed.

"I'm retired. Spend most of my time ridin'." He started in on his fourth cold beer, having crushed the other three cans into small paper-like wads in order to keep track.

"Riding?"

"Mountains on a bike. Here, let me show you something." He got out his wallet and handed me a picture of four guys in studded leather jackets on Harleys. "One of them's me. We rode together for a few years some time after I knew you."

"You were Hell's Angels," I said, looking at the other three with long hair, bandannas, and fiery looks out of their eyes.

"Oh, we were a sorry bunch compared to them; we never hurt anybody ... too much," he insisted. "But it was an interesting life." He looked like he meant it despite a regret of some sort.

"I wish you'd taken me with you," I said.

He seemed to study me for a moment then absently placed the photo back inside his wallet.

His otherwise lack of response was reply enough, and the evening was riding on toward midnight. I went over to the juke box, dropped in a quarter and punched in "Stand or Fall" by the Fixx. Then, nerves popping like hot corn kernels, but taking care no one saw, I undid the second, third, and fourth buttons from the top of my fly. There was no doubt he noticed when I sat down this time. "Je-ho-sa-fat, Jared," he complained discreetly. "Are you trying to get arrested or something?"

"Whoa, sorry," I said, pulling out my shirt tail to cover. "I'm told I should be more careful ..."

"You sure should," he said, stroking his beard and regarding me suspiciously. I was filleted Blue River trout if I'd been wrong about this, and I was braced for the worst. But he only grew nervous and fidgety, adjusting the nearest ashtray and stacking his change. He scratched his nose again, readjusted everything, gave me a quizzical look, and asked with his first finger, back and forth, if I meant him and me. Through the nerves I managed a thumb-up. He looked puzzled and said, "You sure?"

"Couldn't be surer," I replied.

"Well, I'll be damned," he quietly declared. He leaned back and took a long drink from his beer, finishing it. "You have a little time this evening?" he asked.

About a half hour later and five miles up Mount Childress, he pulled his now creaky old '48 Chevy pickup onto a dirt road to the right and parked in front of a log cabin that made me think of the one on the syrup bottle. A lone light was shining above the front door. I parked my Grand Prix behind him and got out. The pines rustling above us was the only sound from the warm mountain night.

He came over to me and said, "So, the man wants to play...."

"If that's what you want," I said.

"Okay." He began pulling his shirt off. "Only one rule," he said. "No heavy chitchat."

He needn't have said that, the sight of him naked from the waist up defying adequate comment. His muscles were taut, and his biceps, like his fists, were easily the size of my head, his arms practically the width of my thighs. The thicket

of white/gray hair over his chest, half hiding dark brown nipples, turned short and course on his stomach and arms and—it must be—his legs, too. A tattoo of the phoenix spread across his upper left biceps, with a small sun at the tip of each wing.

I took off my shirt and threw it on the hood of my car. He bent down into a wrestler's stance and motioned me to come in after him. I wondered what exactly he wanted me to do, but he didn't give me time to figure it out. A second later I was catching my balance as he nudged me with his shoulder. He did it again, and I backed up a few steps before lowering into a wrestler's stance myself. On an impulse new to me, I took a punch at him, trying to hit his arm. His eyes lit up as he punched back, pulling it just as he struck my right biceps. I slapped out at him again, and he came under it, grabbing my leg and forcing me to my knees. He could have had me completely on the ground, but he let go and stood back. I lunged straight at him, missing him as he dodged aside, caught me around the chest and released me again to stand a few feet away. We circled each other, boxing the air and occasionally landing one on a hand or arm. Then, when his back was to my car, I saw a possible solution in the near-darkness. On my next pass-by, I slipped my shirt from the hood into the back of my belt and sprang at him again. As he lowered and went for my stomach, I used my free hand to cover his head with the shirt. And as he reached for it, I laid over his back, grabbed him around the waist and held on. My weight, when he tried to raise up and thereby lift me off my feet, forced him, hollering, to the ground. "No way that could've happened twenty years ago," he grumbled, rolling me and the shirt off him.

We stood up, and he grabbed me to him, my arms around his trunk. I thought the whole world had gone furry and warm. He nestled me against him the way you do a favorite pet, and he held me like that, kissing the top of my head and ears until he suddenly changed direction. "C'mon," he said and led me around the cabin to a clearing and out onto a solid rock ledge. Here the moon had more effect, and the mountain peaks and rock faces glowed like giant fiber optics over the valley and St. John thousands of feet below. We stood for a time, taken over by the view, and then I felt his bare shoulder against mine. "Do whatever you like," he said, his voice husky.

I knelt down, opened his pants and released his half-hardon out under the dome of stars and sky. The tip of Harrison's cock was wet, and the texture of melted honey mixed with the taste of warm chestnuts all the way down to the end of his shaft. His coarse hair prickled against my face. I tried to swallow the head, making him go rigid almost instantly. He moved into me and grabbed the sides of my head. I increased the motion. "Oh, jeez, wait a minute!" he gasped, and stopped me— "Holy shithouse," he said, breathing hard and definitely wanting something he'd only been thinking about before.

He motioned me back to the house. A German Shepherd nuzzled out the front door as it opened. "No, Dashiel!" he snapped, and the dog retreated inside. We went through the living room and around Dashiel into Harrison's bedroom. He struck a match, and soft light sprang up from a hurricane lamp on an old night stand. The smell of musty pine was strong and embracing.

We wasted no time getting out of the rest of our clothes. Harrison's dark penis, swollen plum stretching the foreskin, stuck straight out from his hair, bobbing slightly as he pulled off his last sock. Grabbing my arm with both hands, he raised my elbow above my head and began "devouring" the soft area underneath, and down my sides to my stomach. The pressing and licking and biting primed me up, and he went down and caught a strand of precum on his tongue. The taste seemed to make him hotter, and he plunged the shaft all the way into his mouth, working the head with the muscles in his throat. Grabbing my buttocks, he forced me further into him and managed to include my sack and balls, and was still going for more when I feared going off too soon and stopped him. He laid back on the bed and doubled up, clasping his knees with his hands, and I sucked him the best I could for as long as I could, escalating until he was cussing again and arching back with his eyes closed and throat open. I sucked each great ball into my mouth, stretching the leathery sack, which startled him into silence. But when I slipped three fingers into his anus, he came around loud, hot for revenge, and laid me back, looking at me like I was in for one hell of a night.

For the next hour his entire body was tense and extreme and hard. His lips and tongue covered every inch of my body a hundred times, and he just kept

sucking and caressing and biting and licking. I would have let him do it all night, if he'd wanted, because I understood he was telling me what he couldn't—and never would—say to me.

He turned me over, coaxed me up on all fours, and entered slowly, until my insides made way and he was completely in. He held me from behind, his arms tightly around my chest and stomach, moving us—at times violently—around the bed, lifting me up and pulling me back onto him to tighten his hold and increase the fit, and then he'd be on top of me again, growling, and straining both of us, holding on, holding, until I thought I was dissolving into him. Each time he thrust into me, over and over, I was more his, more him—brutal and careful and determined. Every now and then he'd let up and grab my cock, his arm and hand stationary, so I would fuck his fist in the same direction and at the same time and pressure as his own thrusts. It felt as though I were inside myself and him while he was inside me and himself, our cocks our flint, and we as a single body burning the same fire with the same mind toward the same end. Then the storm would begin again, and we'd wrestle about the bed until we were both too tired and sweaty to continue, and then he'd slow up, rest his head on mine, grab my cock and bring us together again.

When I could hold off no longer, I gave him a gesture that indicated I was cuming, and he quickened his thrusts. He bit me on the side of the neck, hard but controlled, as his cock seemed to double in size. He pulled me back one last time, his legs lifting us both, and pushed deeper into me than ever before. We came together, helplessly exhausted, yelling our guts out, choking and crying too. We ended up prostrate on the bed, months of isolation having finally left my body, along with the semen in puddles all over Harrison's seriously disrupted wool bedspread.

After showering together—a surprise in itself even if it was in silence—he dried me off with the care of a nurse. I already knew I would be nuts—manic-depressive crazy—
over Harrison Stransky, and I was dreading the months of loneliness and recovery, though that's exactly what I'd asked for, and deserved. While dressing, I asked him why he hadn't wanted to talk. As he sat at the side of the bed with his arms folded across his chest, he kept on looking down at his clothes and the floor. "I don't like analyzing things," he finally said.

I grinned down at him. "No theories on the 'principles of static friction' during sex with you, then."

There was no indication he was amused.

"How did you know I might be receptive to something like this, anyway?" he asked.

"I didn't. But I had a hunch you might, because I knew you actually like people very much in spite of your bad temper, because I also knew you could have gotten cigarettes anywhere, like at Simon's ..." I paused, realizing I was rushing in after him. "You'd heard something about my home life, hadn't you?"

He looked up. (Was that moisture in his eyes, or, more probably, reflected light from the hurricane lamp?) "A little." He looked down again.

"Also, the picture of the four bikers was a hint. Three would have been company, four sounds like two pair to me."

"The guy next to me was my younger brother. He died two years ago."

"I'm sorry." What a town, I thought. "I'm sorry I didn't know you had a brother ..."

"But the other two had a thing going once. I knew, but I never said anything."

I'd finished dressing and realized it was time to go. "I guess I'll be going now, Harrison. I've got a busy week coming up, and homework before Monday morning."

He stood up. "Then I guess I'd best come right to the point." He put his hands in his pockets and walked around the bed a couple of times. "You don't have to give me an answer right now. All I expect is that you think about it." He took a deep breath and went on. "Fifty-some-odd years of never feeling like anything at all ever belonged to me ... well, is enough. I want to love somebody and live with somebody who loves me back. Can we do that?" He stopped, stiff, watching me with the defensiveness of a man not used to asking for anything.

The astonishment must have shown on my face as I studied him studying me, reorganizing reality as I knew it. "You're serious?" I asked, still taking it in.

"Yes, as far as anyone can be this soon into things."

"My God, Harrison," I said. "I don't know if what you're proposing is possible, but ..."

"You don't have to decide right now. Take some time to think about it."

"I don't have to think about it. I want to try. I'm ready to try."

He seemed relieved and

smiled for the first time, looking like a drill sergeant finally in a good mood. "Let's talk about it tomorrow, after some sleep," he said.

"I'm staying with my mother, and then I have to drive back to Denver tomorrow."

"Okay, then call me after you get home." He went out to a desk and returned with his phone number on a small note and handed it to me. "I'll walk you out to your car."

The quiet mountain night was cooler now, and amazing. I wanted to go back in and say so much more, so much more. I opened the door to the Grand Prix and got in, so tired I knew I'd flop into bed and sleep for twelve hours after I got back to my mom's house. Harrison leaned down to the window. "Let me hear from you," he said and walked back toward the cabin.

"And Harrison?" I said, leaning out the window. He stopped and turned. "I *will* be calling you."

"*Adios*," he said, putting up his hand and smiling, and then he walked back into the house.

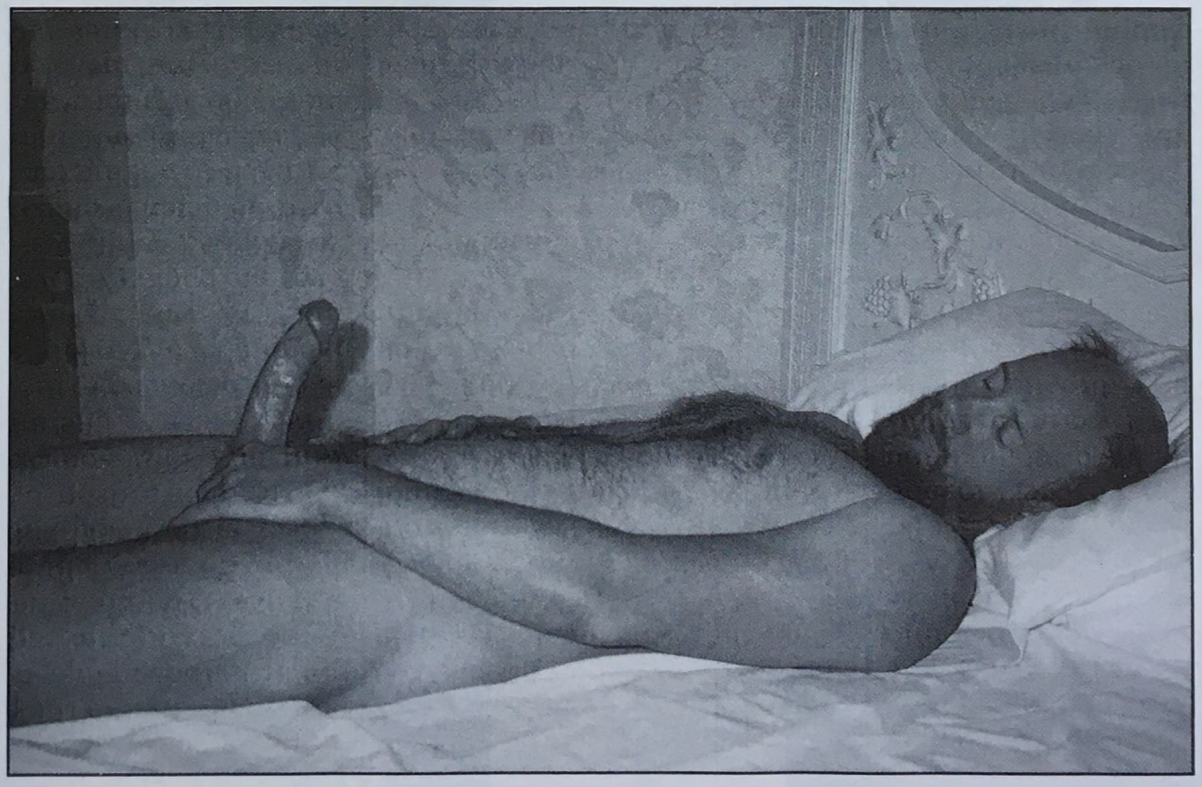
As I drove to Denver the next day, the whole manic-depressive thing set in, only worse than I'd thought. I already felt the separation like a howitzer wound, and I wanted to turn the car around and go back. But he was right. It would take time to know if and to what extent our lives could be integrated; we were as different as a battleship and a rowboat trying to sail side by side. I took the note with his telephone number out of my shirt pocket and looked at it carefully for the first time. Under the number was a phoenix, sketched quickly but in surprisingly good three-dimension, with the words "*amo te*" underneath, Latin for "I love you."

So battleships and rowboats do have more in common than merely a shared sea ...

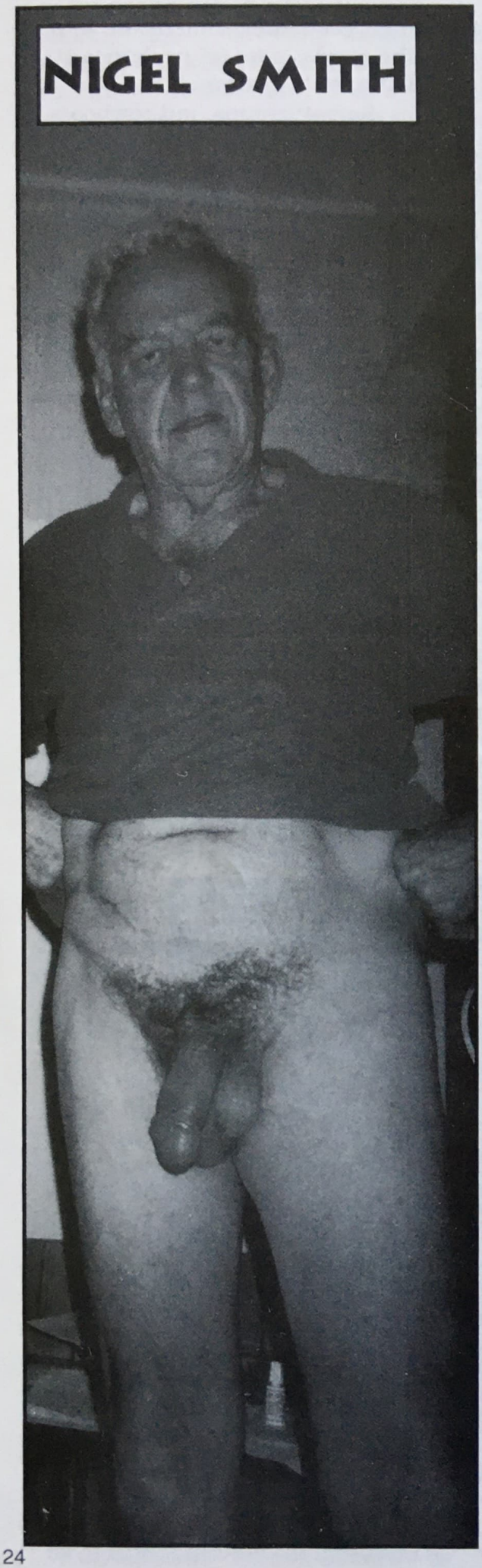
As I drove down I-70, roller-coasting the descents into Denver, I studied the note through the water in my eyes and knew for the first time in my life I'd been right about something. And no matter what lay ahead of us, very soon I was going to call him and tell him I loved him, too.

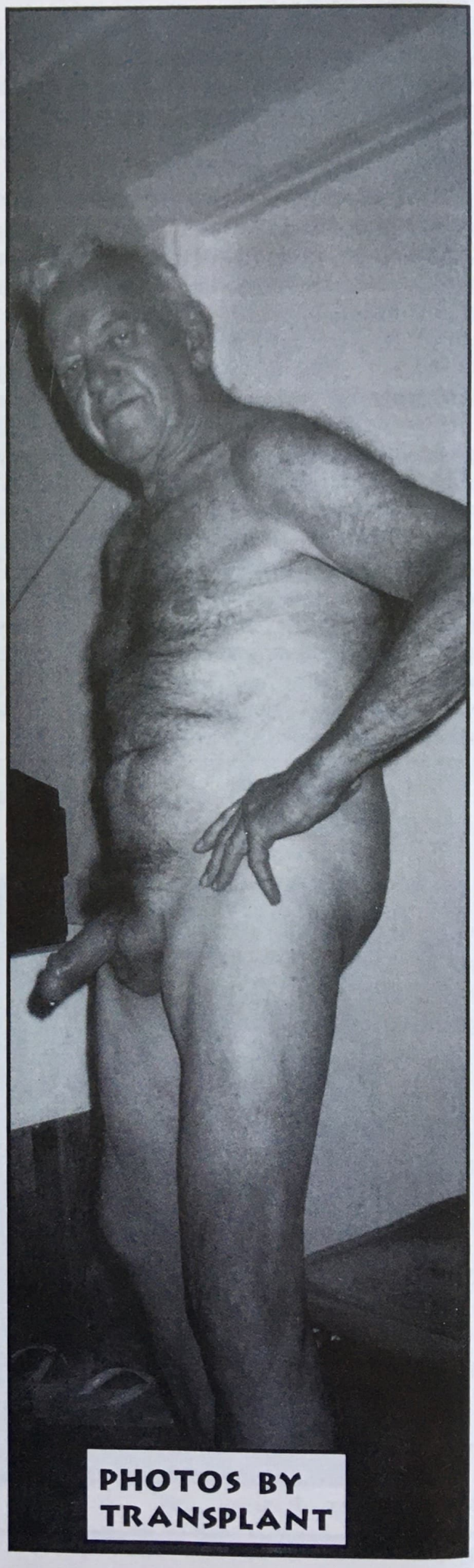
SAXON is a 46-year-old delivery driver and antiques dealer living near Denver with his best buddy and lifemate of 25 years. His earlier short story entitled THE FLOOD PLAIN (CR #64) is considered one of the finest pieces of fiction we've ever published.

BELLY WARMER

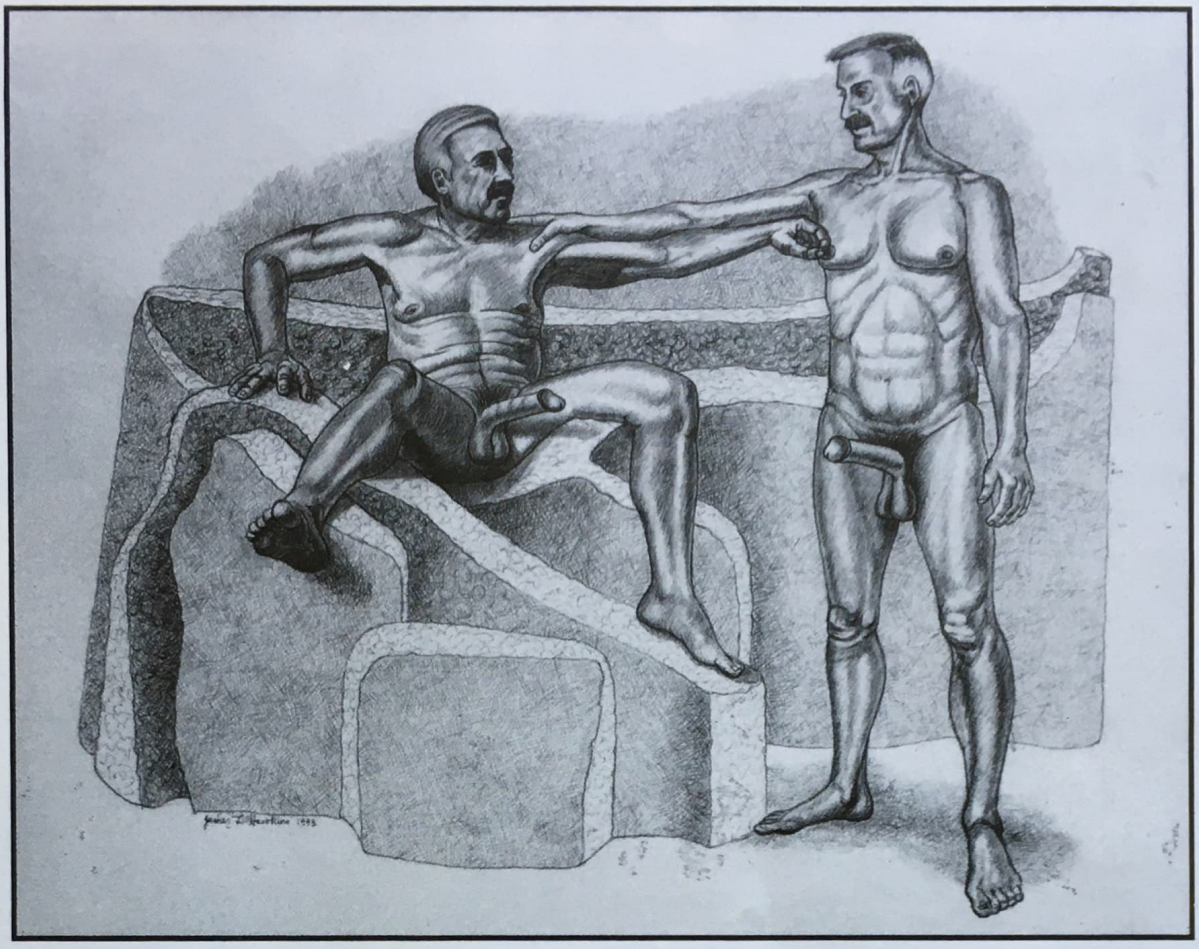


NIGEL SMITH

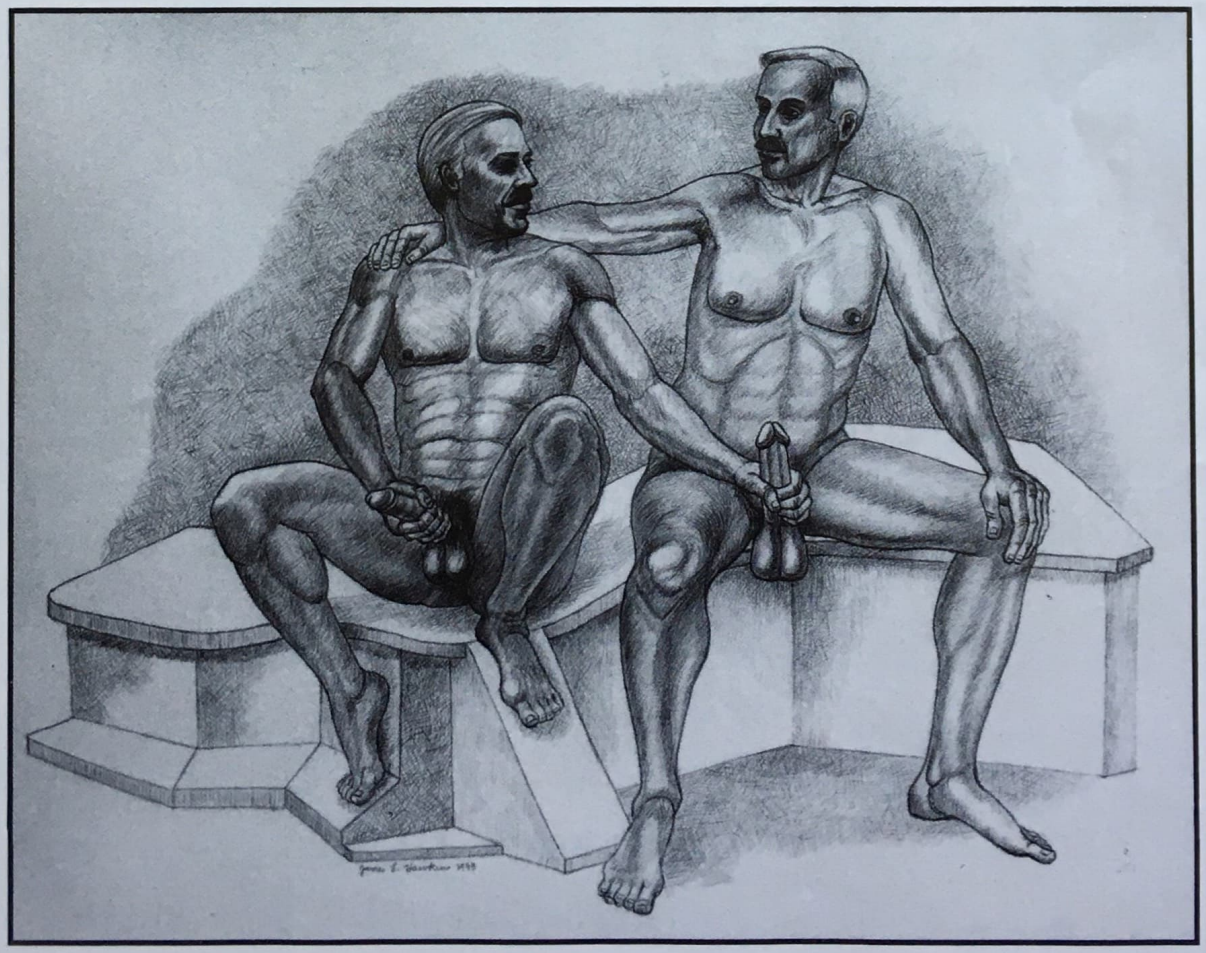




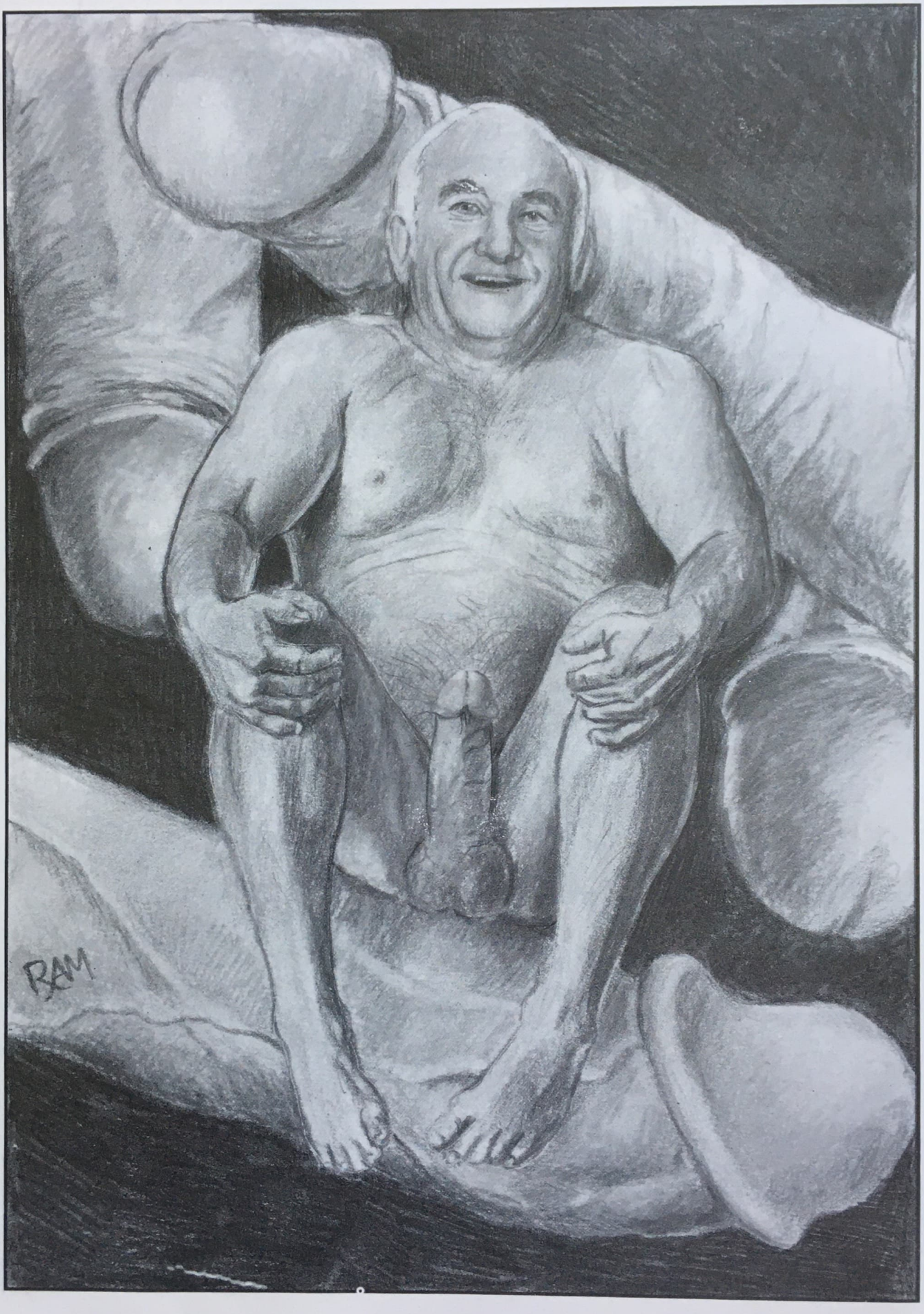
PHOTOS BY TRANSPLANT



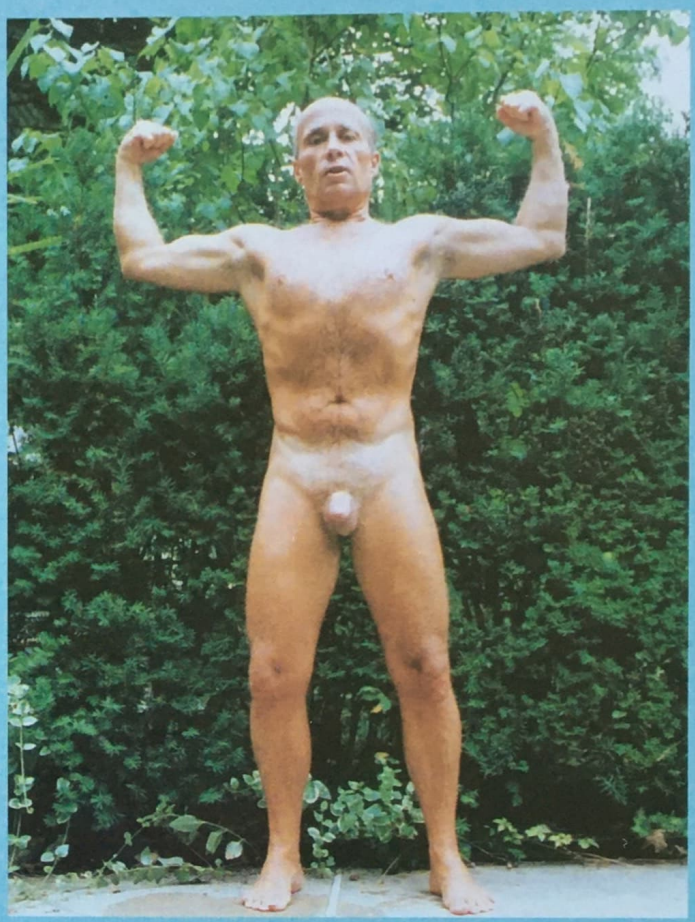
THE ARTWORK OF JAMES L. HAWKINS



RAM'S "THE DREAM"



SEXY LITTLE JAY

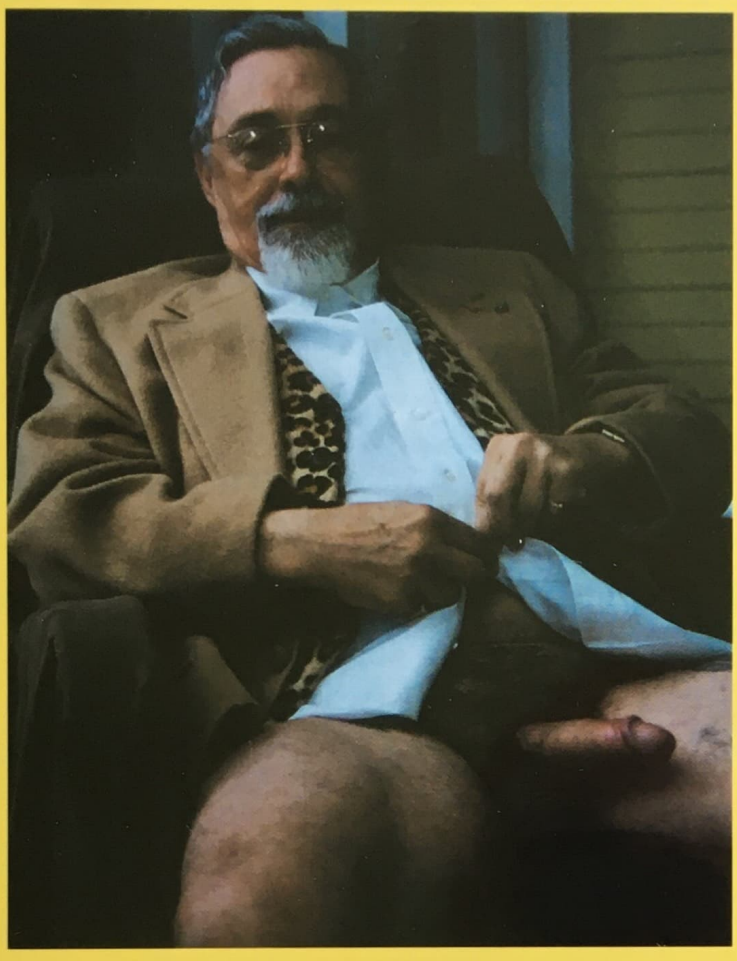


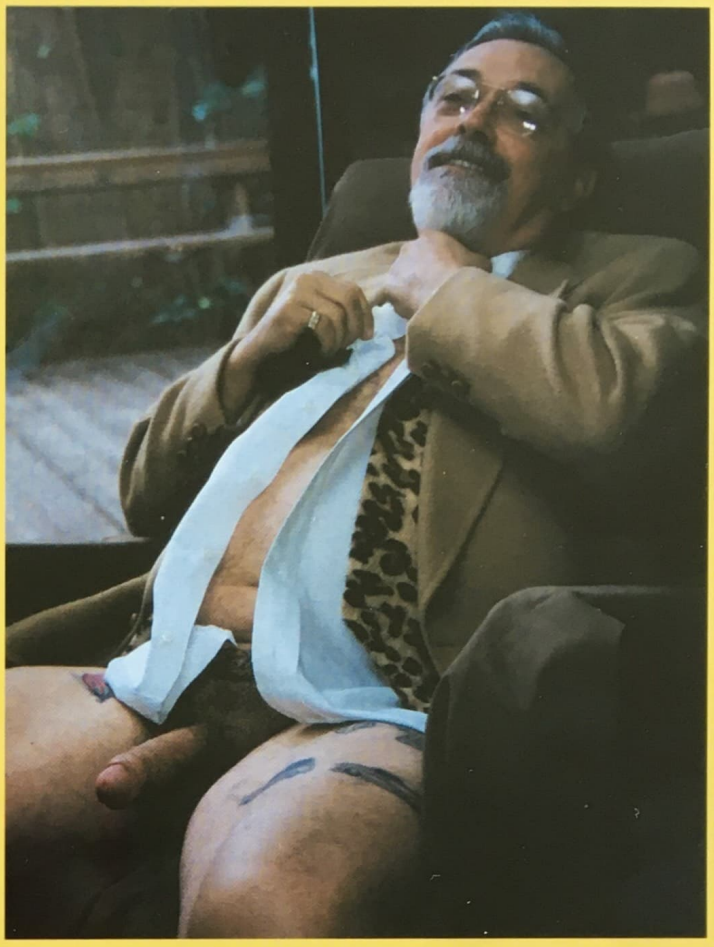
PETER BUILT
AND SMITTY

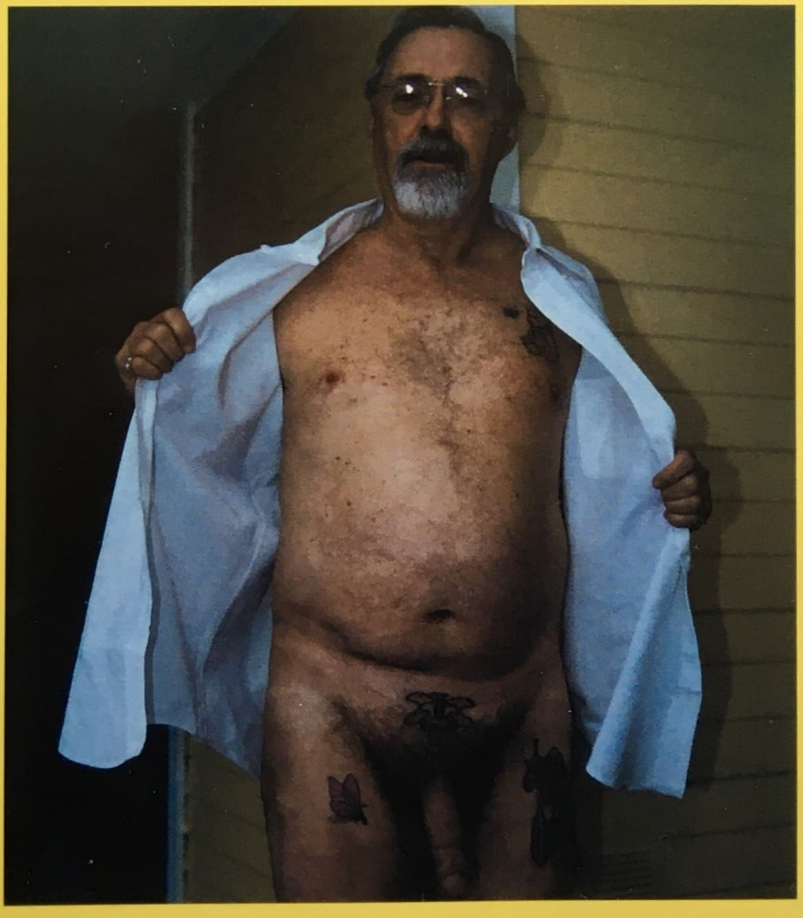
PHOTOS BY CHARLIE C.

RICHARD

photos by JOEL

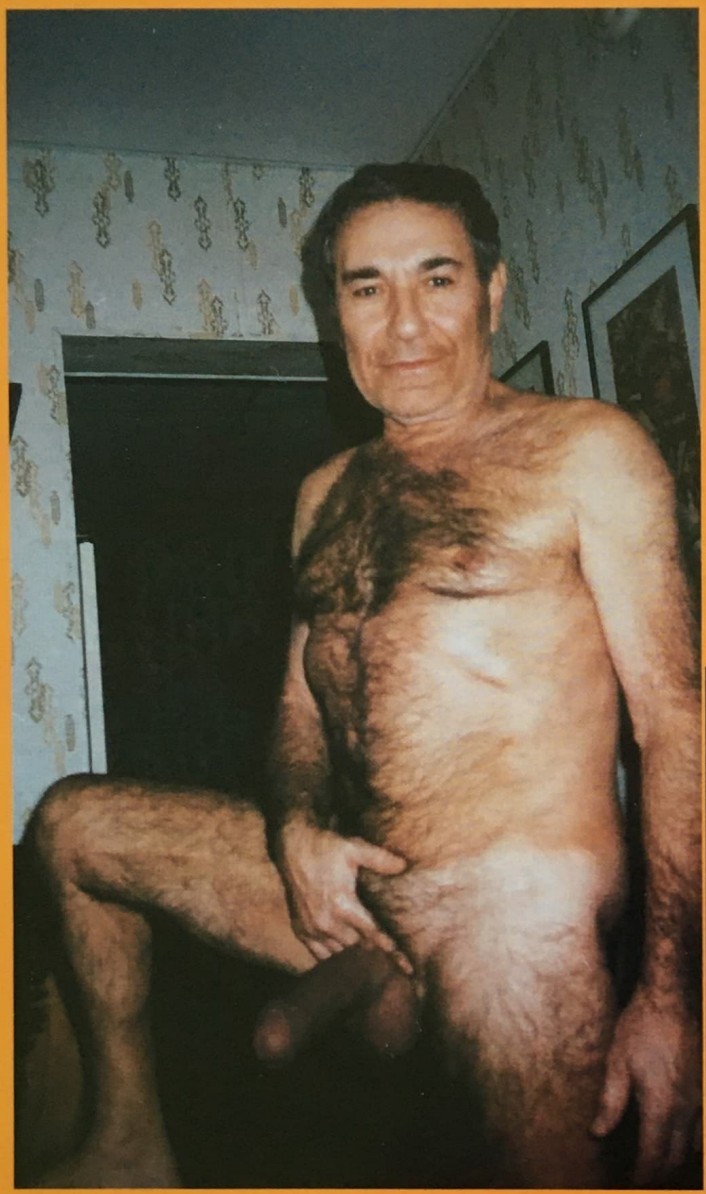




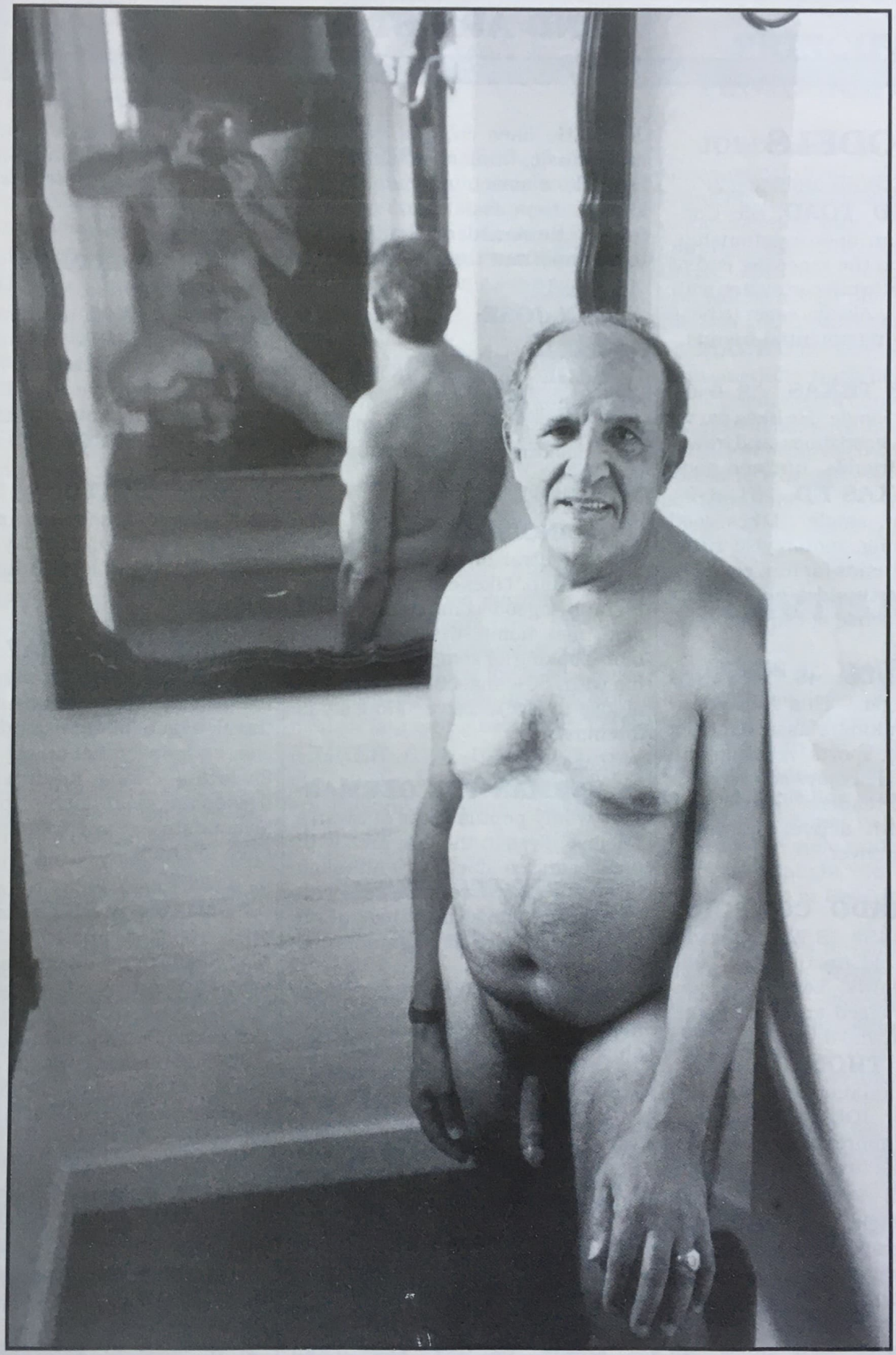


MR. CHIPS
SILENUS HONEY

MICHIGAN JOE



MARINO



ZR-1

PROFILES OF MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER and Page 2:

HORNED TOAD, 65, Connecticut, in an open relationship. Loves to be on the receiving end of exquisite fellatio but can switch with the right man. Always eager to hear from interesting potential friends.

Page 4:

J.R. OF TEXAS: 58, 6'-0", 220#, Texas, single. He likes partying, camping, good times, and travel. Looking for friends, fun and good humor. **TEXAS ED**: 51, 6'-0", 220#, Austin, single. Likes good times, camping, motorcycle runs. Looking for friends for fun, young in spirit, slender build a plus. Must have a good sense of humor.

Page 7,8:

WILD BILL: 48, 5'-10", Los Angeles, single. This film editor likes Sierra hiking, classical music, foreign travel, sports, reading, and meditation. He enjoys corresponding with CR readers. Anxious to team up with active, dominant outdoorsman, over 50.

Page 9:

COLORADO COWPOKE: 64, 5'-8", 145#, S.W. Colorado, single. Likes old, uncut, hairy, bald, blue-eyed fellows. Looking for lovable, loving, rugged, adventuresome, virile fellows who'd enjoy an open relationship. **THOM**: 70s, Austin, in an open relationship with CR photographer, JOEL. He's been featured in CR more than any other model, thanks to popular demand. **SAN JOSE**: 54, 5'-11", 205#, N. California, single. Likes art, music, sports and traveling. Looking for life-long companion or playmate. Must be portly, stocky, plump, chubette or chubby, age 30-65. **WES**: 55, 5'-10", 235#, single, San Jose. He likes cooking, reading, most music, humor, kicking back. He seeks a masculine man, 35-60, sincere, some facial hair, versatile in bed. He considers what's inside more important than outside.

Page 10:

SAN JOSE: See above.

Page 13:

SAGE: 66, 6'-0", 175#, Southern Idaho, single. Likes meeting with other guys for fun and good sex. Looking for occasional meetings only.

Page 14:

ILLINOIS BILL: 70, 6'-1", 235#, Central Illinois, in an open relationship. Likes electronics, photography, good companions, good food, nice home, theatre and humor. Looking for somebody to spend life with, 50+, masculine, with lots of love to give/receive. Honesty is foremost.

Page 15:

HERMAN THE GERMAN: This wildly popular star of Swan's "Mojave" lives in the L.A. area with partner and co-star ZEEK. Although he's in a closed relationship with ZEEK, we still get hundreds of requests to feature him again.

Page 16:

BANDITO: 30s, burly, Orange County, in an open relationship. He leads a very busy life, so he probably doesn't seek a lot of mail. We just thought the photo was a classic and wanted to share it with you.

Page 17:

BRUNO: 56, 5'-9", 158#, New York, single. He's a sexually versatile, bisexual Italian national and artist.

Page 18

HMW: 52, 6'-1", 220#, Palm Springs, single. This retired NFL football player seeks a white male, 65+, for a monogamous relationship.

Page 23:

BELLYWARMER : 36, 5'-11", 185#, Orlando, single. He likes big, round-bellied, hairy men who like themselves. Beards and hairy backs are a plus. Looking for gorillas/bears who love to cuddle and kiss as well as make passionate love. From 45 to 65 years old.

Page 24:

NIGEL SMITH: 68, 5'-9", 82 kg, Auckland. Likes music, aerobics and the beautiful country of New Zealand. Would love to hear from men all over.

Page 27,28:

SEXY LITTLE JAY : 50, 5'-3", 133#, Philadelphia area, single. Likes passionate, mature men, travel, beach (bikini or nude), exercise, camping, quiet times. Looking for loving, caring, mature man for friendship, relationship, hot nude lovemaking. Seek friends for his need to share.

Page 29,30:

SMITTY & PETER BUILT: 40, 5'-10", 250# and 40, 5'-7", 230#, N.Y. State, in an open relationship with each other. A couple of delightfully rugged guys who truly love the companionship of mature, masculine men for friendship and fun. Always eager to hear from or meet singles/couples, 40+ from around the globe.

Page 31:

RICHARD: 58, 5'-6", 163#, Seguin, TX, single. Likes street rods and old, chubby, bearded or mustached men with grey hair (or bald). Looking for fun and a monogamous relationship.

Page 32:

MR. CHIPS: 49, 5'-6", 200#, Boston, single. Likes music, movies, computers, people with good sense of humor. Looking for 40 and up chubbies for special friendship.

Page 33,34:

MICHIGAN JOE: 66, 5'-7", 165#, Michigan, single. Likes nudity, classical music, gay videos, gardening, walking, active top. Looking for younger bottoms, HIV negative, someone to share life with.

Page 35:

MARINO : 60, 5'-6", 170#, Central Florida, in a closed relationship. Likes computers, his home, and bicycling. Seeking friends only.

Page 38:

A.J. ESQUIRE, 58, 5'-8", 175#, Maryland, single. Seeking sensitive, in-shape, masculine from friendship/playmate. Photo/phone gets his.

Page 39:

NAPPY, 64, 5'-10", 215#, San Fernando Valley, in an open relationship. Likes traveling, old cars. Prefers masculine men, 50 and over, beards, hairy bodies, moustaches. Has fetish for redheads of any age.

Page 40:

CARL: 61, 5'-8", 175#, Arizona, single. Likes music, cooking, entertaining. Looking for fun and games with a special someone. He's beginning to think about settling down again.

Page 41:

GAMBLER: Atlantic City, single. Likes all the good things in life. Looking for older gentleman for friendship.

Page 42 :

KEN M. : 58, 173 cm, 190kg, Auckland, in an open relationship. Likes philatelly and B & D.

Page 47:

ASTRA, 70, 6 ft., 180#, London, single. Likes outdoors and travel. Looking for friends of similar age and interests.

Page 48:

L. GROVER, 73, 5'-10", 160#, New Zealand, single. Likes all sorts of sports

Page 49:

UNICORN, 63, 5'-9", 12 stone, Auckland, in an open relationship. Likes music, especially opera, musicals, ballet. Looking for friendship.

Page 50:

WALKER: 66, 5'-11", 190#, N.E. Connecticut, single. Likes walking, movies, jazz, opera, nudism and massage. Looking for 40-66, relatively trim, bearded a plus, who likes long, slow massages and nudism.

Page 51:

GREMLIN BOB: 55, 5'-10", 170#, South Florida, single. Likes traveling, meeting new people, reading, cooking. Looking for nice, pleasant people of any age who are not afraid of new experiences and who enjoy uninhibited sex.

Page 52, 53:

ARNIE : 60, 5'-9", 195#, Rhode Island, in an open marriage. Likes old movies, computers, internet, saunas, nudism, massage, bisexuality. He's looking for good , huggable, fun, fine, clean, discreet, older men for fantastic good times. **THE SIGNER**: 61, 5'-10", 172#, Michigan, single. Likes gardening, flowers, cooking, traveling. Looking for 25 and up.

Page 57:

JIM SNODGRASS, 62, 5'-7", 200#, Michigan, in open relationship with GENE KEUNING for over 27 years. He likes 18-45, tall, swimmer's body type, Greek active, safe, for fun. He's looking for exciting friendships only.

Page 59:

BAMA: 56, Mid-Atlantic Coast, single. Likes to hear from men 60+ (no younger please) with photos. He likes to travel, but work limits. He loves to entertain visitors in his home.

BACK COVER:

BUCK MAVERICK: 64, 5'-10", 190#, Washington State, single. Likes outdoors, travel, stocky seniors, hairy chests. Looking for his own age or older, stocky, cuddly, males, clean, with sense of humor

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

JOEL lives in Austin with CR super model JOEL. They enjoy a loving open relationship and really enjoy meeting other singles and couples, especially intergenerational. JOEL is a CR Hall of Famer and will be a staff photographer at the San Diego convention.

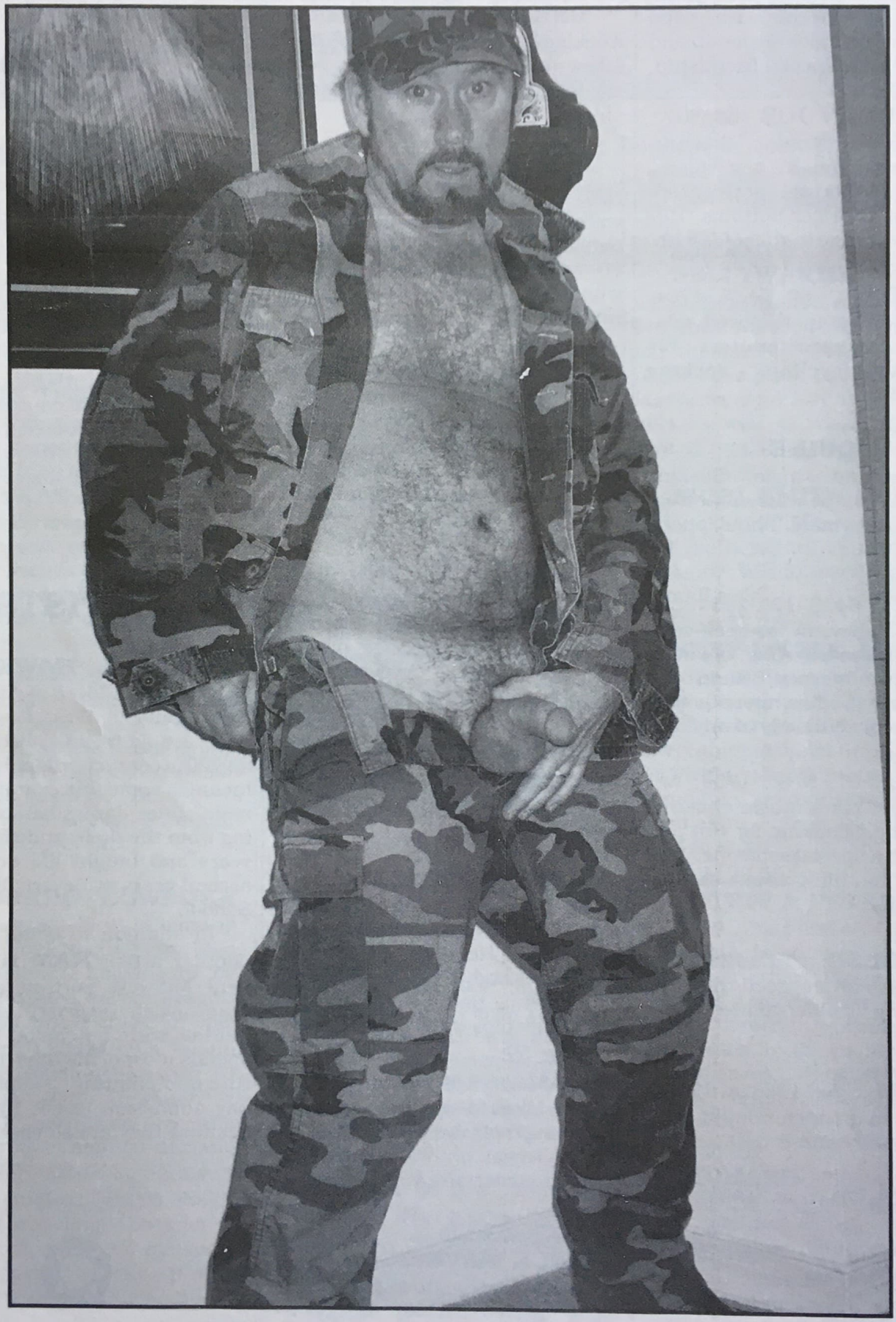
MACRO lives in Utah with his fiftysomething, burly bear. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention, where he will also act as staff photographer.

ARTISTS

JAMES L. HAWKINS, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years in their home in West Los Angeles. Both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

In addition to being our most popular artist, **RAM** is a prominent Midwest portrait and landscape artist. He lives in Illinois and Florida with his mate, Bob, and spends most of his time in horticulture and painting. People actually pay admission to see his gardens because they are so spectacular.

A.J. ESQUIRE



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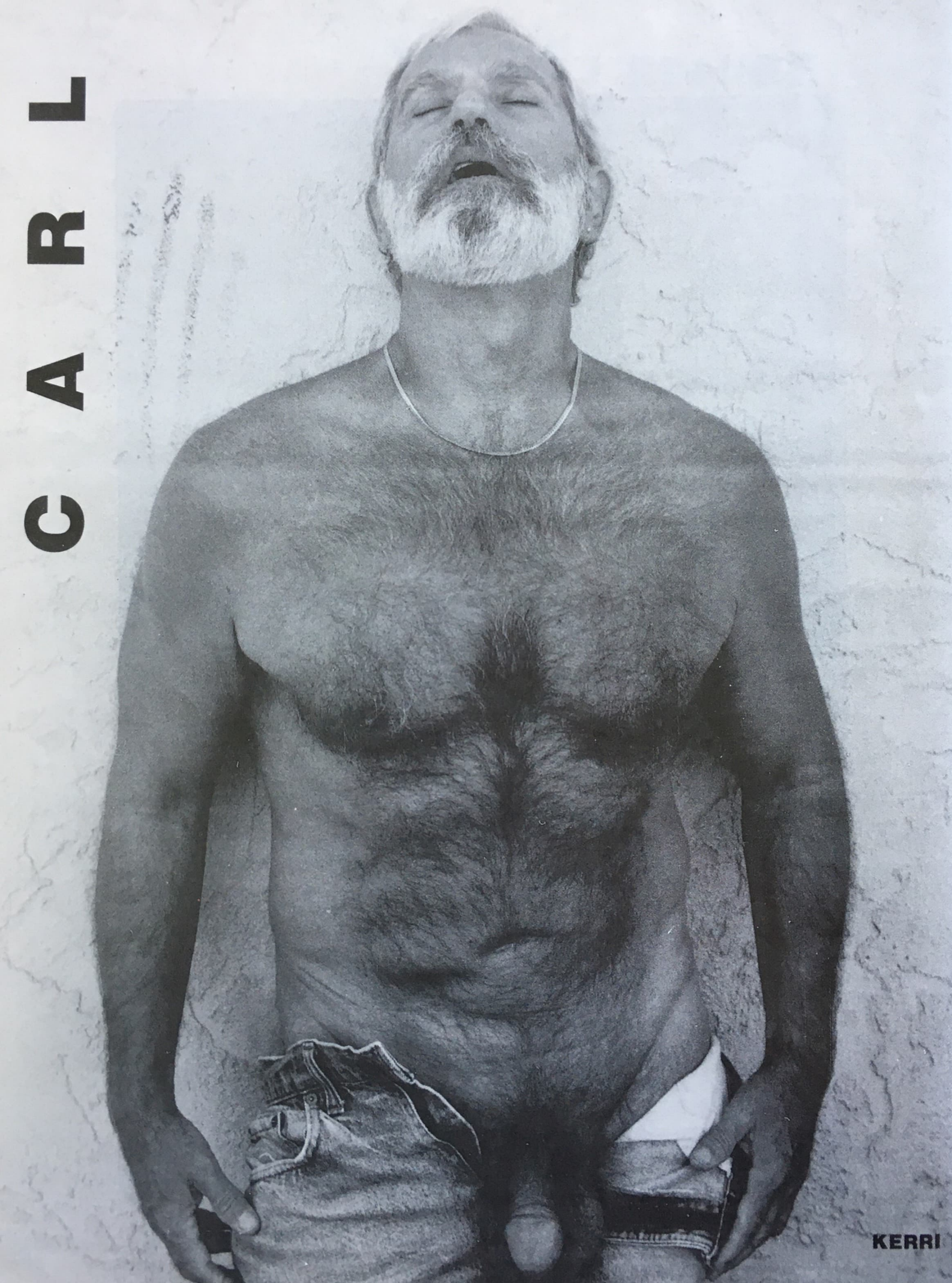

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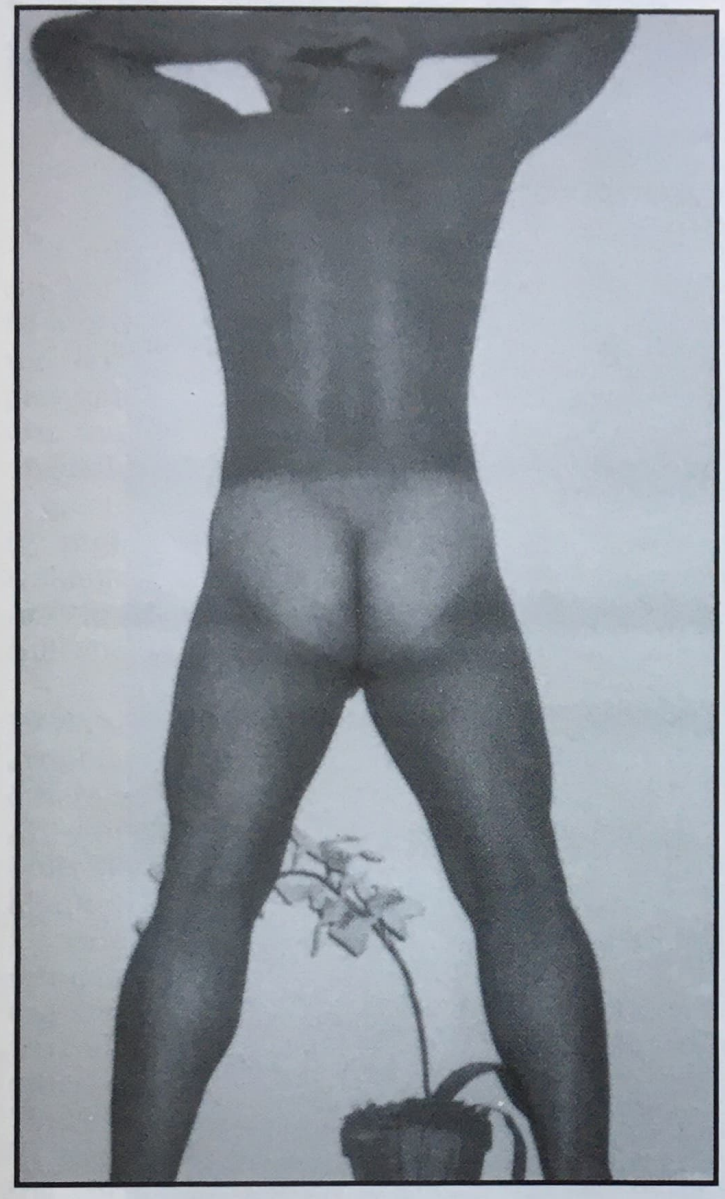

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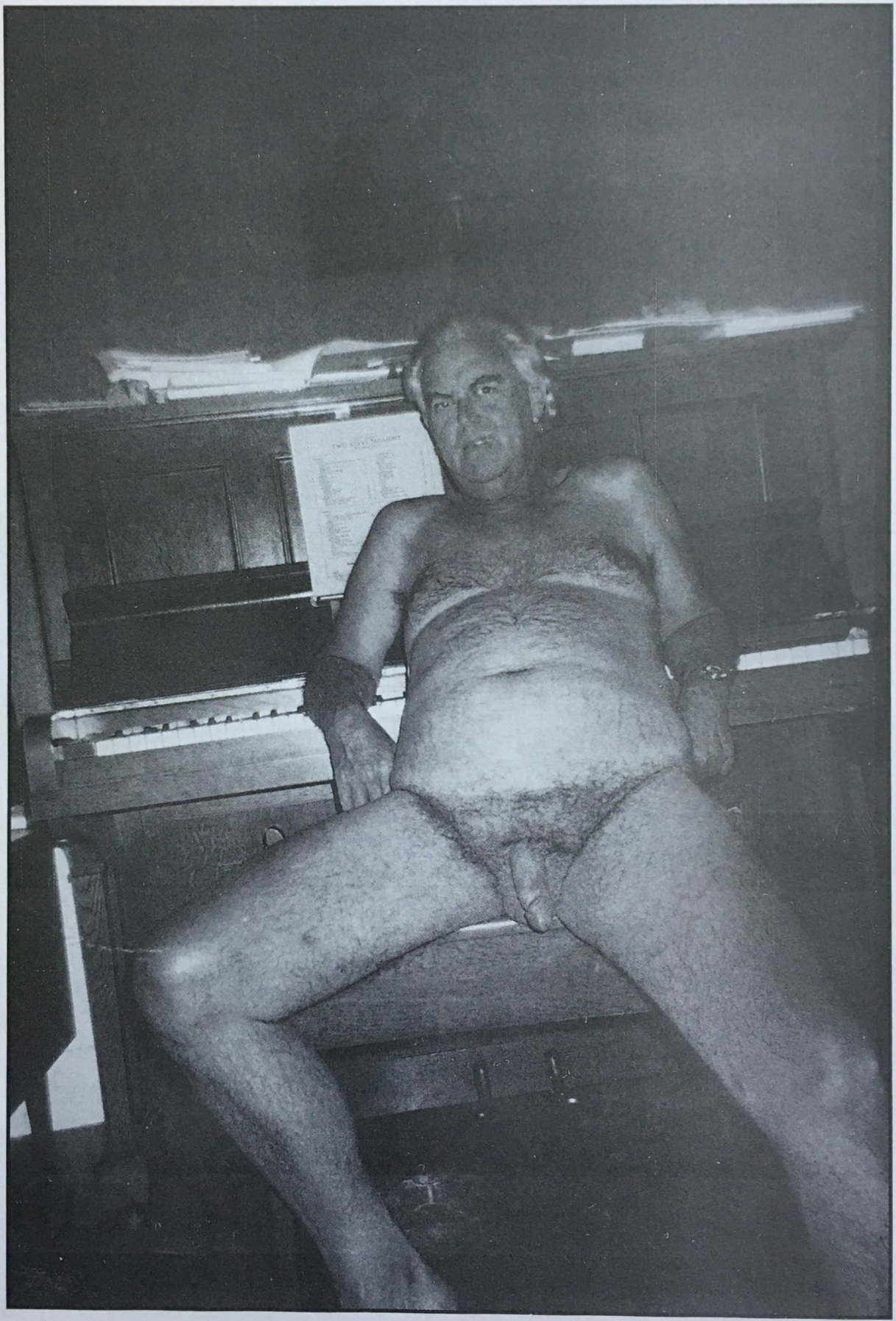

Saul and David
by Tecumseh

Saul met David in Twyla's, a gay bar in Laguna Beach, while he was doing consulting work for the Navy at El Toro. Twyla's was part of his double life. By day he was that tall, white-haired, distinguished gentleman whom men respected and women admired. By night, he prowled the bars looking for another perfect young man to take home and add to his collection.

In the dim, smoky mist at Twyla's, David stood in a group around a pool table with several others who looked just like him. All young, crew-cut marines, built like brick proverbials, with blank, handsome faces that had a tendency to break into self-conscious guffaws or charming smiles. To Saul's eye, they were indistinguishable from each other, except for one: he caught Saul's roving eye, and locked on.

Nineteen years old, fresh from the cornfields, David was fair, good-looking in the face, and dynamite in the body. Large head, thick neck, broad shoulders, tapered waist; but while his body was well developed, his mind was relatively unexercised. David never in his life had a thought not aimed at perfecting his physique, unless it was for fast, low-slung cars. And that was what his paycheck went for every month. Together, he and his car were a very potent, sexy combination.

Saul took David to his hotel, and their sexual compatibility was immediately evident. David was as insatiable as he was attractive, and gifted with an oversized sex organ, much to Saul's liking. From David's viewpoint, Saul, at 51, was as perfect an older man as one could hope for. Money, looks, incredibly smooth, hairless skin, oversexed, and well-endowed. They spent the next three weeks together: David, trying to soak up knowledge from Saul like a sponge, and managing to retain only a small portion; Saul, enjoying the role of mentor, liking to be in control, and appreciating his attentive student. Saul was not stingy. By the time his job was over and he was ready to return East, David had accumulated a fashionably tasteful wardrobe to remember Saul by.

"So long, kid. And remember, when you get out of the Marines, come look me up. It's been fun. Let's keep in touch. I move around a lot, and you never know when I'll be able to drop in en route to Japan or somewhere."

They hugged at the airport like father and son. David watched Saul's plane climb in the air while holding Saul's card by the edges and turning it over and over with his fingers. He'd never thought so hard about anything in his life. And, instinctively, he knew how to solve his problem.

Two weeks later, Saul, wearing his blue silk dressing gown, answered the bell at his home in Roanoke, Virginia, and found David and a duffel bag on the doorstep.

"Are you AWOL, son?" Saul blurted, somewhat pleased by the potential compliment to himself.

"No, I'm discharged, honorably." David grinned happily.

"How the hell'd that happen, and so fast?"

"I just told them I was gay. Signed a lot of papers, visited a shrink, and they processed my discharge in no time at all."

"How'd you get here? Where'd you get the money?"

"Sold my car." He paused for effect, wanting Saul to appreciate what he had done for him. "Owed a lot, but I had enough for a plane ticket."

"And what's your plan? Come in, come in." David hiked the duffel and pushed through the doorway. "Didn't mean to make you stand out there. I was just so startled to see you. Have a seat. Something to drink?"

"Some water, if you don't mind." David surveyed the splendor of the decor as Saul left the room. His eyes had never fallen on such an enchanted scene. Everywhere, there were curio cabinets filled with mementos and gold figurines, platters and silver items too numerous to take in, each cabinet giving the impression of a different foreign land. "These things you picked up on your trips?" he called after Saul.

"I'm a collector," Saul replied, returning and handing David the water. "Now what about you?"

David paused, took a big gulp, and swallowed hard. Then, knowing what he came for, and how he wanted to phrase it, he

looked meaningfully into Saul's eyes and said, "I guess I want to be part of the collection."

Saul returned the gaze, evaluating the cornflower blue of David's irises. He raced his mind over the downside—no more playing the field (which could be part of the upside), how to explain David to his son, Jeff (easy), and the upside—a built-in houseboy he would never tire of looking at, eager to learn and to serve, and hot as hell in bed.

"Come upstairs, David, get out of those travel clothes, and let's see if we can complete your discharge in a more enjoyable way."

***

I met Saul and David at a party by the lake two years later; wind whipped around us on the deck as our host introduced us. I shook hands with them both, and duly noted that David was poured into a black T-shirt and a pair of jeans. I had to ignore him in the conversation because I sensed I could make a fool of myself over him right then and there. He made it easy to ignore him; he simply stood, offering nothing, barely listening. Both the conversation and I seemed of no interest to him.

After a while I excused myself, entered the house and headed for the bathroom to rearrange what few blown locks of hair I still retained. David came in through the open door and closed it behind him. He stood over the toilet and peed with his back to me, giving me what I took as a "surreptitious" opportunity to survey his magnificent physique from the rear. He shook himself, stuffed it back in and, half-zippered, turned to me with a broad grin on his face.

"You show me yours and I'll show you mine. Whaddaya say?"

I think I actually said, "Excuse me, did I hear correctly?" so preposterous was the request.

He repeated as though to a two-year old, his hand cupping his half-hidden sex, "You show me yours, and I'll show you mine."

Was this a joke at my expense? Did he wish to belittle my equipment? Seeing my consternation, he amended his offer.

"OK. I'll go first."

David unzipped his fly and hauled out an enormous soft member that extended well beyond the hand that clutched it.

"Now you."

The urge to make a fool of myself over him was too strong. My hands undid my zipper, and out plopped my own tidy organ.

"Very nice," said David, from which I inferred that he rarely used his monster as a benchmark. But before he could say another word, Saul's very clear voice called David's name. David packed his penis away, zipped up, and dashed from the room. "'Scuse me. I gotta go. Card's on the counter. Call me."

"What about Saul?"

"He's out during the day. He works."

Alone in the bathroom again, I lifted the card. It was Saul's card, to which David's name was added in ink. I pocketed it. Who knows, I asked myself, if I won't want to make a fool of myself tomorrow as well? And truth be told, even then, I knew.

The next day I called the number on the card. David answered, very pleased that I had accepted his offer.

"Saul will be away on Thursday, out of town overnight. I have to pick him up late at night at the airport, so nothing can go wrong. Be here at 10 a.m. and we can spend the whole day together."

Wondering why I was getting involved in something that sounded like it came out of film noir, I told him, "I'll be there."

David opened the door on Thursday in a blue silk dressing gown with nothing underneath. My heart skipped a beat, my throat went dry. I really desired this kid. He gave me a drink and we chatted for the first time.

"I liked you from the minute we met," he said. "You seemed like someone who would understand me."

"I didn't get that impression. You hardly seemed to notice me."

"I have to be careful. Saul breathes down my neck all the time."

"What's the problem here? You look like a great couple."

"Looks are deceiving. He treats me badly, has done for a year. I've run away twice."

"Run away? You're surely no prisoner."

"No. Sometimes it just gets to me. Nothing's mine, everything's his. I was foolish. I came here like a jerk. I made no requests or demands. My head was fogged. Now I haven't a leg to stand on. He promised me nothing, and that's what I'm getting."

"I see two Thunderbirds in the driveway."

"Well, yeah. He bought me a car for my birthday."

"Again, what's the problem?"

"He treats me like a kid, like he treats his son, who's a little retarded. I hear the tone in his voice, but Jeff never notices it. He's always happy. He works in the gas station down the road and has his own place. Sometimes I think he's the lucky one."

"To be retarded?"

"No, to be unable to recognize Saul's patronizing attitude, to have a job. I'm not allowed to

work.... Let's go up. I want to make love to you."

"An offer I won't refuse. You're quite a remarkable surprise."

We climbed the open stairs to a brightly lit bedroom on the second floor. The bed was a king-sized waterbed bedecked with comforters that looked like mounds of whipped cream floating on a calm sea. David stripped me naked, caressing me gently and sensuously as my body was exposed. Every movement of his muscular frame surprised me; I had wrongly anticipated a selfish macho roughness. He was making love to me, and turning me on like crazy.

He also knew how to make an impression. Stepping away from my nude form, he parted the dressing gown. I was stunned. His cock, partially hard, extended more than eight inches through the opening. Slowly, he slipped the dressing gown off his boulder shoulders and let it drop to the ground. As though by willing it, his erection grew. It lifted outward and, as it came to full extension, the last inch-and-a-half turned up and to the side, like a plane taking off. I couldn't resist. I moved forward, caught up in his clean smell, in his warmth, and took hold of it.

I felt foolish as I involuntarily asked, "How big is it?"

"A full ten-and-a-half inches. Too big for most people; women too. D'ya think you can take it?"

From experience with dildos of comparable proportion, I knew I could, but I said, "I'm not sure I want to."

His face twisted into a picture of anguish. "Oh, please say you will. If it hurts I'll only go halfway. I promise I'll be careful. Oh, Jesus, I want to fuck someone so bad!" He sounded as sincerely pitiful as he looked.

"What is it?" I seemed to ask for the thousandth time. "Don't you and Saul have sex?"

"Yes, all the time. But after the first time I ran away, when he took me back, he said, 'From now on, I do the fucking. I pay for everything, you get fucked. Is that clear?'" David shouted in anguish, "I'm a fucker, man. I can't take that shit all the time!" Then, in a calmer tone, "Well, I agreed. Wasn't anything else to do. When I got out in the big world and realized what I left behind, I decided I'd do anything he wanted if he'd take me back."

He led me onto the bed and we got under the covers. He laid a protective arm under me and cuddled me to him. I rested one hand on his broad smooth pecs, and gently idled with his nipples while he told me the rest of the story.

"The second time I ran away, I made up a big lie. I told him my mother was sick and I needed to visit her. He bought me the ticket. At the first stop, I had it changed to get me to LA. I told the airline I'd just found out my mother was dying, and I needed a change in route. I was away two weeks, stayed with a friend, had a reasonable time; but it wasn't worth what it cost me. Saul called my mother to check up on me. She said I wasn't expected. I thought I was being smart: every night for two weeks I phoned Saul to give him a progress report on my mother's health, and he never let on he knew I wasn't there.

"When I got back, he picked me up at the airport and asked for my ticket, which I hadn't been smart enough to throw away. I knew the game was over. He said just this, in a real scary voice: 'If you ever leave again, you're through. I'm not spending my life rescuing you from all over the country. I won't take you back. This is the last time. Is that clear?' So, as you said, it is like a prison now, really."

"David, you're young. Get out. This is no life for a young man."

"I can't. I'm trapped by the easy living. I don't know anything. I can't get a job that pays anything. So now I cheat on him when I can."

He moved to change the subject and began to arouse me. We kissed and caressed for a few minutes, and then he ducked under the covers and started sucking in earnest. It was heavenly, except that it deprived me of the sight of him.

"Hey, Dave," came a voice from downstairs. "Where the hell are ya?"

Before I could move, he threw back the covers and jumped from the bed. "It's Jeff. Don't worry, we're friends. Saul probably sent him to check on me." David shouted through the closed door, "I'm up here, Jeff. Hold a sec, I'll be right down."

"That's okay. I'm comin' up anyways."

David was galvanized. "Quick, under the covers. He'll never see you. Don't worry. He's a little slow."

I couldn't believe I'd be invisible, but I obeyed him. It was like bedroom farce. As a point of fact, an army could have safely hidden behind the billows of soft down. Unseen by me, Jeff entered the bedroom and he and David carried on a simple conversation about Saul sending him over to get a hockey stick from David. David fished it out of the closet and, with the expected pleasantries, Jeff took his leave.

"He's gone. We're safe. We get along real well. I'm like his big brother."

"I've never been in a situation like that before. It was ... well, exhilarating."

David jumped onto the waterbed, setting the mounds in motion on the waves. "Let's see how exhilarated you are."

In a few moments, I would have done anything for him. I completely and voluntarily lost control of the situation. In David's language, I lost my cool.

He maneuvered me onto my knees, on a huge bath towel. He got behind me and lubricated my rectum, stretching me gently even more than he already had. He paused to spread lube on his cock, and talked himself in, every step of the way, like an airport control tower helping a pilot land in bad weather. "Easy, slow, relax, it won't hurt. I'm not going to hurt you. How's it going? Are you all right? There I told you. See. I'm halfway in. Let's rock here a while till you get used to the feeling."

"Not to worry, David. It feels great. Do your thing." I was filled as I never had been, and the feeling that washed over me was so pleasurable I was eager to soak up even more sensation.

David began to move inside of me. His giant, hooked member pressed and stroked against my sensors in astonishing new ways. Every moment brought a new and different rush. His voice sounded like a porn film soundtrack and, in the mirror facing the bed, we looked as though we were in a porn film. David's body was reflected there, eyes closed, near-ecstasy on his face. "Yeah, yeah," he moaned repetitively. "Oh, man, yeah..."

Periodically, he interrupted himself to ask how I was doing, and to assure me he was happy. We bobbed on the waterbed sea like two corks on the ocean, or, more aptly, like a cork in a bottle. As he catered to his own sensations, he drove his stiff prick even deeper and then, triumphantly, with some surprise, he exclaimed, "I'm there; I'm all the way in."

His first long stroke was a thrilling thing, and the intensity heightened as he began to pull back almost a foot without danger of losing me, before plunging with abandon into my well. My own erection was a thing of beauty to me, as I peered below my chest at it and saw his low-swinging sac rushing to and fro, slapping wildly against my thighs.

"Oh, Jesus!" he cried, ejaculating with emotion pent by years of frustration. He howled and whooped. Forgetting me for the moment, he crushed me in his powerful arms to the point of pain. I endured in silence, teeth gritted, loving every minute; I had rarely been so moved by the passion of another human.

I could feel his swollen head spasm and plunge fist-like up toward my colon. His body stiffened as he held me tightly, waiting out the tremors. My own climax erupted from my toes, arcing through my brain like high voltage.

We fell on the towel in a clump, panting like locked dogs.

After showering, we got back into bed and he held me against him as he did when we first began, and we both slept marvelously for an hour.

When it was time to leave, as I was dressing, I asked David if he would do me a great favor.

"Anything," he replied, very much at ease with himself.

"Would you put your palms on the dresser and just stand stock-still, bent over from the waist, while I run my hands over your body?"

He looked at me quizzically and complied.

I used my hands like a blind man would, running them over his warm, smooth back, under his heavy chest, along his inner thighs, and bulging calves. I kissed the small of his back and his dimpled buttocks, and ran my hands deep into the cleft between his firmly rounded cheeks. I cupped his balls and stroked his cock as though they were my own.

I was reminded of the old standard, "Again," that Doris Day sang, and the lyric was as magical to me as it was when I was a child: "We'll have this moment forever, but never, ever, again." I wanted to hold the memory of David's body in my mind forever, because I sensed that this near-mythic memory could only be diminished by repetition.

***

David called me daily after that. He said that Saul had sold the car he had given him while it was in the shop for servicing. David had complained that he couldn't get to the gym without his car. Saul responded by outfitting a room in the house with all the gym equipment a fitness enthusiast could want.

David asked me to come back, but there were always last-minute complications, which, after a while, I began to suspect were subtly engineered by Saul to protect his Rapunzel from the possibility of suitors. He asked me to take him away from Saul, but I was not in a financial or emotional position to accept the burden. I didn't like his phraseology—take me away. At twenty-one, David saw himself imprisoned in a tower, like a fairy-tale princess.

I encouraged David to leave

on his own, but I was arguing with a stone wall. Ironically, although physically strong, he lacked the strength of mind to pull away from his soft existence.

I saw Saul and David at several parties and struggled to ignore David's hurried entreaties, made just beyond Saul's watchful eye. I did go so far as to engage Saul in conversations, hoping to discover what his problem was; why he seemed so worldly-wise in social matters, but lacked the wisdom to see he had stripped away David's self-respect, thereby losing any chance of holding on to him. I deduced Saul was not obtuse; rather, he enjoyed holding dominion over David. He took pleasure in reducing the mighty David to a butterfly, and making him hold still while he inserted the pin.

I worried when I didn't hear from David for three weeks. Saul simply said he was gone. Then David spoke to me for the last time from LA.

Saul had discovered him in a botched affair. It was not clear if David had been accidentally detected, or if he had left a trail of clues to force the issue. Saul had kicked him out with only his duffel bag. He called Saul from Nashville and asked forgiveness; Saul said no. He called again from Dallas, but by that time Saul found that David had taken two gold figurines; he told David he would press charges if he ever saw him again, and that he was getting an unlisted phone number. When David called from Los Angeles, he got a recording: "This number is no longer in service."

The friend David was staying with worked for an airline. He said he could get him a job as a ticket agent and the airline would send him to school. David doubted he could stick with a rigorous schedule, but I made him promise to try. And I asked him to stay out of bars, with little hope he would do it. A boy starved for esteem will go where he can find it.

I saw Saul more often than usual after that. When he wasn't at the bars, he prowled each party looking for the next addition to his collection. But I noticed he would buttonhole anyone he could make listen, and recount how he had given the boy everything, and been rewarded for his kindness with thievery. In that way, the story, real and imagined, circulated, and there wasn't a young man for miles around who wasn't warned away from Saul by his compulsive retelling of the story.

Tecumseh, 60, 5'10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, Kokopelli. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. E-mail him at TecumxehTX@aol.com.

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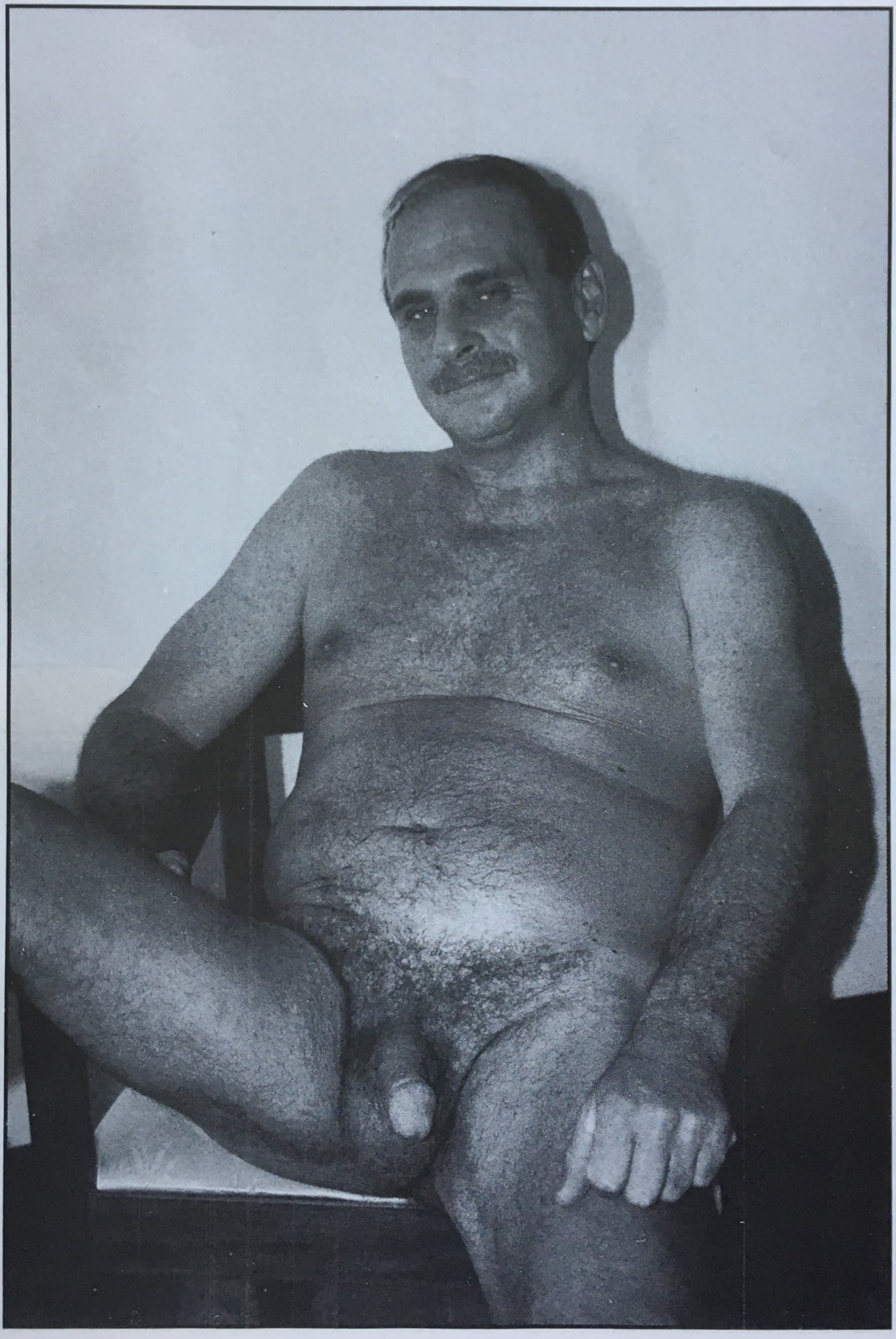

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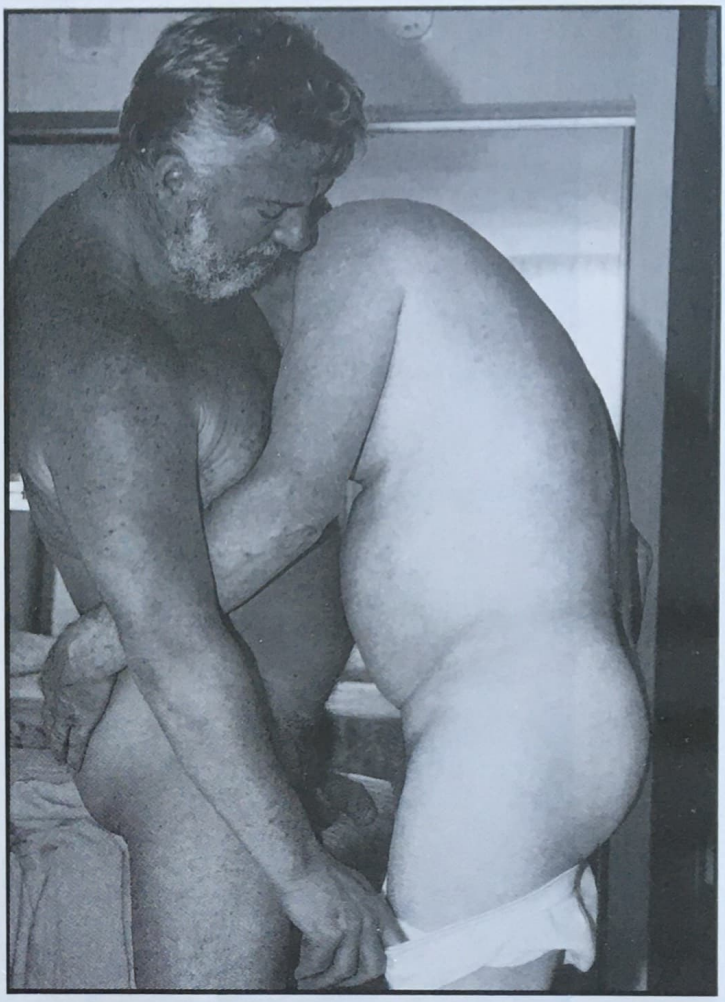

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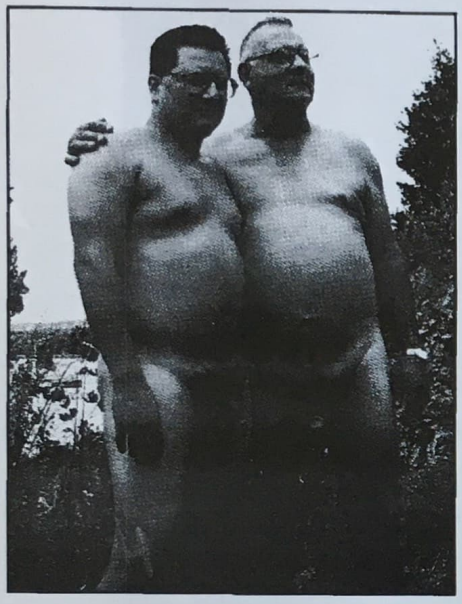

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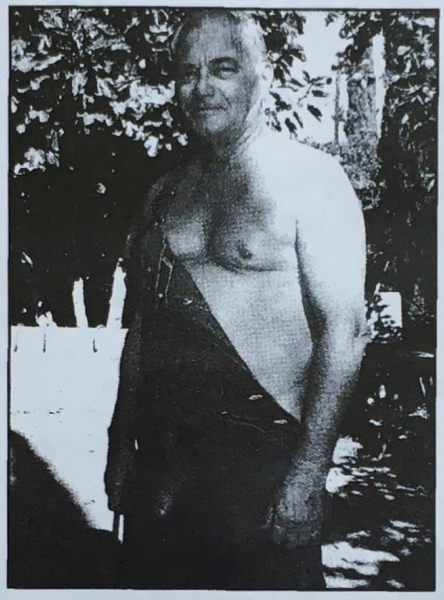

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3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES		
#58, #59, #60, #61, #62, #63, #64, #65, #66, #67, #68, #69	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2, #3, #4, #5, #6	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
ALL GLOSSY BACK ISSUES		
CR #70, #71, #72, #73; CR CLASSICS #7	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the price of the above.

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
VIDEO: ORLANDO '95 (VHS-NTSC)*	10.95 EA
ORLANDO '95 (VHS-PAL)	11.95 EA
BOOK: QUINCUNX - (PERFECT BOUND ONLY - NO HARD BOUND AVAILABLE	10.95 EA
APPAREL:	
CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA

ADD SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (all items mailed separately)

UPS - Continental U.S.	5.00 per item
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	5.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Europe	8.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	10.00 per item
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

(* VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

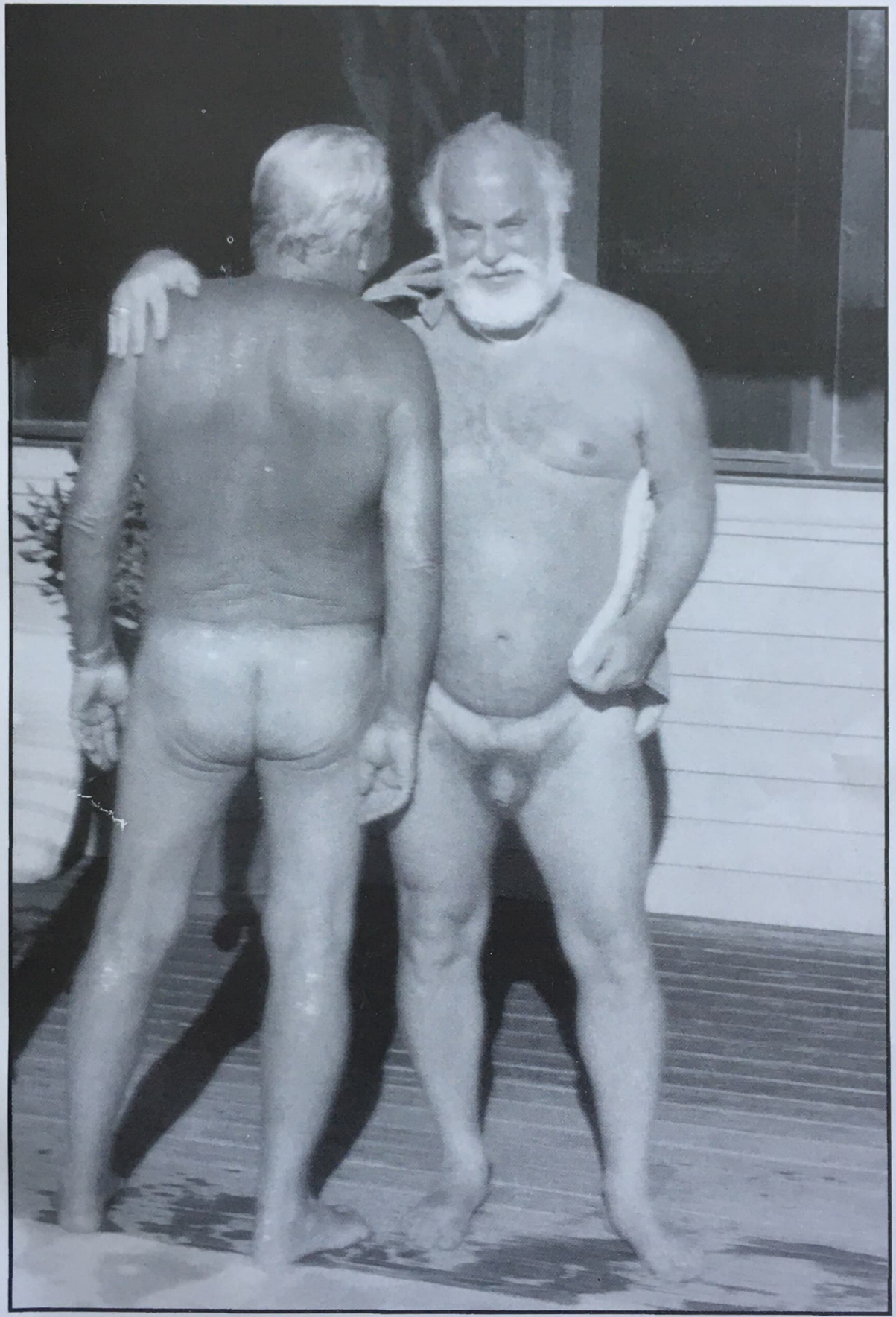
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

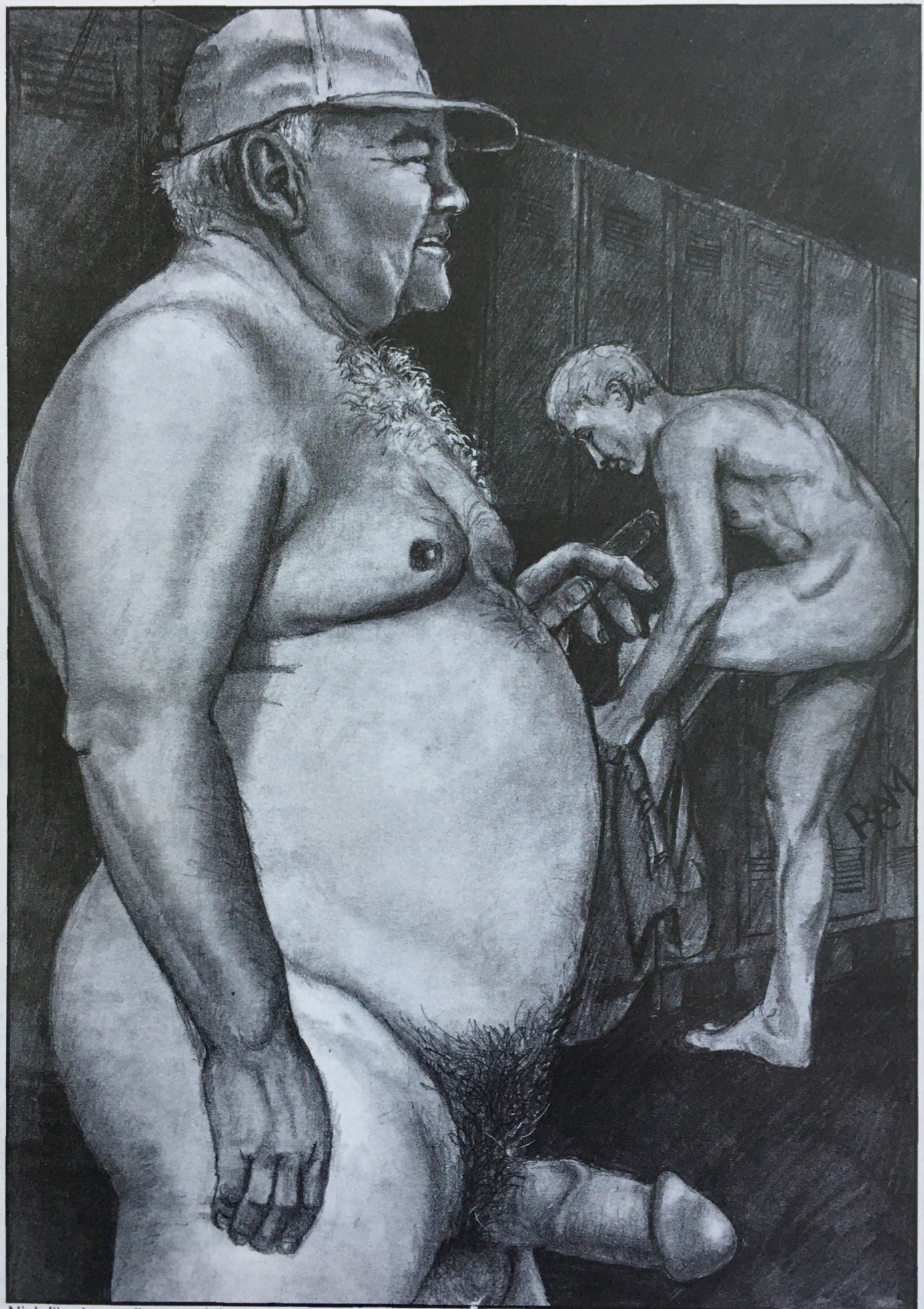
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on _____.

Signature: _____

JIM SNODGRASS . . . AND FRIEND



GENE KEUNING



Nick liked to walk around the clubhouse showing off his driver ...

BAMA

BUCK MAVERICK